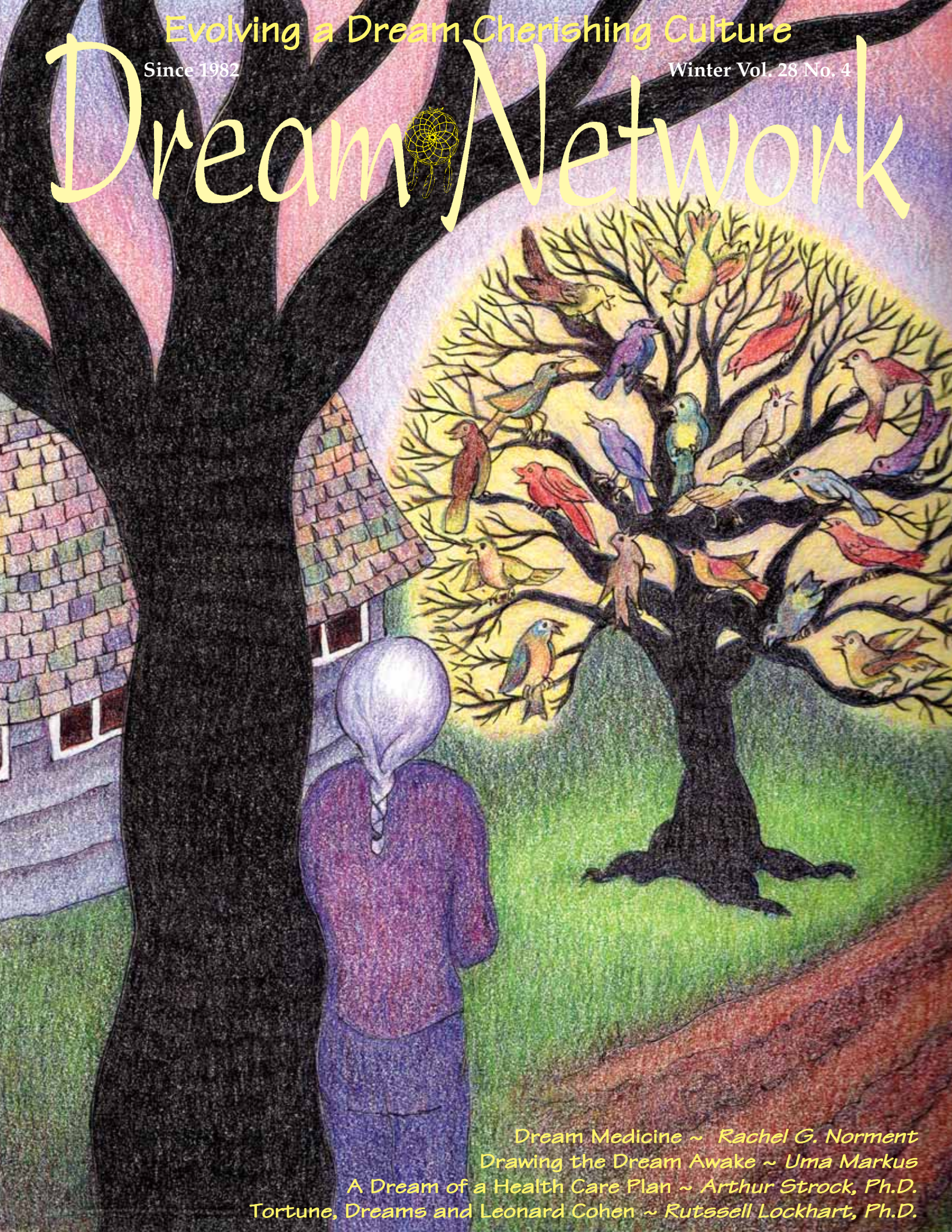


Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

Winter Vol. 28 No. 4

Dream Network



Dream Medicine ~ Rachel G. Norment
Drawing the Dream Awake ~ Uma Markus
A Dream of a Health Care Plan ~ Arthur Strook, Ph.D.
Torture, Dreams and Leonard Cohen ~ Rutssell Lockhart, Ph.D.

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Oracle Birds

I am back in the home of my childhood again,
this time trying to find my way through a back bedroom.

It is dark and the house is in such disarray.

I can't see clearly in here.

Now, as dreams go,

I find myself outside in the back yard.

I'm feeling the old sorrow and grief again.

It hasn't gone away.

It is part of me.

Here to stay.

But as I walk through the old trees I knew so well as a child
that have grown large and resplendent with age,

I am consoled.

Suddenly I hear a chorus of singing birds
and I see that the bush ahead of me is filled with them.

I know that the birds want something from me.

What is it?

In that moment, I wake up in my dream and look around me,
with all my senses open.

I know I am dreaming.

I am looking out

and looking in.....

at the same time!

This bounteous, generous, luxuriant, divine source,
my earth,

is within ME

and all around me.

Statement of Purpose

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Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture ~ Since 1982

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams by making available information that will assist and empower you in taking responsibility for your personal/physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual well-being, with the help of dreams.

Our goals are to unite and serve individuals who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our everyday lives and culture, in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us. We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer on many levels: personal, cultural and global.

Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Helping you to learn to understand the meaning of your dream—by journaling, studying, sharing your dreams with others one-on-one or in groups—is our primary mission and the purpose of membership in our esoteric organization. Enacting or manifesting the dream's hint can bring healing and personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all cultures/nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of that which is surfacing, given the limited space in the print and Online Journal. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas and opinions to be explored and expressed. We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored on our website and in future issues.

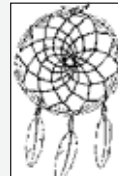
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Upcoming Focus

for SUMMER ~ Vol. 29 No. 2

Back to the Future:
Premonitions in Your Dreams
&
More on
The Healing Power
of Dreams

Lifeline: 4 Weeks
after you receive
this issue.

NOTE Regarding Submissions

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth-related manuscript, poetry and artwork for consideration... even if it falls outside the scope of the current focus or theme. We also invite your dreamsharing, transformational dream experiences and insights regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network*, your submission is likely to 'fit' perfectly in an upcoming issue.

Your article may also be appropriate for one of our two regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* (which includes a broad range of articles on Dream Education), or *The Mythic Dimension* (exploring the relationship between dreams and mythology).

Of course, we always love to hear from you in our **Letters** column! Whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, please let us hear from you!

Visit our website for Submission Guidelines <http://DreamNetwork.net>

Editorial

“Let us not cease from exploration,
so that we may return to the place we
started and see it as if for the first time.”

T. S. Elliott

Soul Medicine

We always hope to have each issue out to you around the seasonal changes (at very least the online version)... or soon thereafter if you subscribe exclusively to the print publication. This one seems a long time coming, as it's been a cold and difficult winter for many of us, but here's Spring ~ at last!

However, it seems quite an auspicious coincidence that you, who subscribe to *Dream Network* ONLINE, will be receiving this issue on the very day that, in the USA, the Big Vote for the highly controversial and fiercely debated Health Care Reform Bill will be voted upon in congress. At least, as of this writing, that's the plan. Here, it feels good, like being in sync, perfect timing.

When all indicators suggested we focus this issue on the *Healing Power of Dreams*, it was in part because of the national debate as well as the many accounts we have received and shared with you over the years which attest to precisely that: our dreams have the power to heal. I myself can testify to this truth from personal experience. Whether the healing be on the emotional, spiritual, psychological or physical levels, our dreams are powerful healing messengers.

Many of us are aware that internally generated, physical diseases (e.g., heart problems, cancer, ulcers, etc.) are caused by repressed trauma, unresolved conflict, emotional stress, or lack of satisfactory connection to the Divine. Diet and exercise, of course, play a major role. I believe our dreams are always working in our behalf to point out these areas of concern and to provide clues to specific work we can do to correct or

resolve these conditions before they manifest as physical disease. If I am correct, dreams are among the most valuable tools we have available for preventative medicine as well as highlighting pre-existing conditions: holistic, healthy body medicine.

This particular issue is distilled proof. Soul Medicine.

It is a privilege to introduce you to Uma Markus' art and dreamwork (Cover & pg. 9), to Monique Sequin's work with individuals facing their impending and inevitable death (pg. 24) and to Dr. Mercy Runyan's unique work revealing the unique experience and challenges facing twins (pg. 42). Consider the plethora of ways in which dreams have helped Arthur Strock and Rachel Norment prevent serious physical consequences and disease (pgs. 13, 16)—remarkable accounts.

As always, the words and sharing of Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell are like Gold, Silver, Zephyr & Harmonium. I wish to thank them both, here, for the deep thought, wisdom and consideration they give in making their contributions.

Taking serious note of Russ and Paco's dialogue (pg.20), we plan *Back to the Future* as the focus for our Summer issue. Russell has believed for years that most if not all dreams are future-oriented, precognitive, prescient. Drawing upon symbols, images, metaphors from the past, our dream-maker creates a story showing a future that *could* manifest. Whether that be in the form of a welcome, miraculous event or a warning, nevertheless, the future. Dreams provides clues, often instruction as to what *action* to take to bring that vision about...or to prevent that catastrophe.

Take a moment now, “drop intention” and consider your most current recalled dream as a future event. What thoughts or actions are evoked? See what Uma has to teach in *Drawing the Dream Awake*. Read on... and may we all be healed. ∞

Editorial Policy

We invite you to submit letters, articles, poetry, reviews and artwork focused on dreams and mythology designed to inspire and educate our readers. We accept articles from every-night dreamers and professionals, ranging from the experiential to the scholarly.

Typical article length is approx. 1600-2000 words. A photo and art work to enhance your submission is requested. Artists wishing to have their work considered for our covers, please contact the editor: Publisher@DreamNet-work.net. Electronic/email, .pdf, .tif or .jpg files are preferred for text, ads, artwork & photos. Please include SASE with Postal Service queries & submissions.

Dream Network reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication; we retain first North American serial rights only. All copyright reverts to the author/artist/poet after first publication, with the proviso that *Dream Network* is referenced and contact information provided in secondary publication. We retain the right to republish materials submitted in future issues or subject-specific booklets and/or monographs.

We encourage you to list your dream-related research requests and ask that you notify us of dream-related events, services or books which would be of interest to our readers.

We are perpetually ‘Exploring the Mystery.’ Your participation & questions are warmly invited.

Letters, Questions & Dreams

Re-Visiting Our DNJ Winter Issue... Suberbl

This issue is Superb. From the two beautiful & significant color cover pictures to the articles & poems within. It's the best yet. It's like a quantitative leap! Congratulations.

I read it cover to cover as soon as it arrived today. "Year of the Peacock" was like a long poem, with its images of the peacock appearing at significant moments & then the culmination as it merged into the night sky with the comet. Also, because I grew up in Washington state it especially moved me, though I never knew of the peacock farm.

The journey depicted in "Finding My Song through Dreamwork", the story of a life, was moving because it demonstrated psychic growth through a lifetime, the way it really occurs.

& "Akachi" because it described how one can look back from time to time & see that one has been following a path, & how that kind of a glimpse validates one's life.

Of course the letters, which emphasize what a positive force Dream Network is in the life of its readers.

"Career Shift" was terrific too. I especially liked the sentence "My overly ambitious dream incubation question resulted in a multiple dream response that was amazing, overwhelming, unsettling, and confusing". It reminded me of a time when I took a question to the I Ching & got a devastating answer that illuminated my whole life in every corner. & it so well demonstrated the process of getting information from the subconscious.

"Choices" asks the reader for feedback. What choice would I

recommend? I think to explore a combination of all the choices except no.4. ForNo.2 I would want to have validation of some evidence of artistic talent in the past. Nos. 1,3,5, & 6 could illuminate one another.

"Jung as I could be" is another article which excellently delineates process!

As a mother & grandmother, I resonated with "Help! with Children's Dreams"!

The poems were very provocative.

I particularly liked the conclusions in "Reflections"—how we do not have to keep creating the false identities, the roles we played and the masks we wore, but make the decision to live from who we truly are.

In regard to "Dreams in the News" I'd say of course dreams are meaningful. In addition to Russell Lockhart's evidence on the side of this conclusion, is the number of "primitive" societies in which it was and sometimes still is a community and or family practice to share last night's dreams in the morning to extract their illumination of the family & community lives.

"Dreaming of Bronze" was another article that was like a poem, in its image of bronze creations as being images of soul formation. I shall share it, as I did Paco Mitchell's last article, with a sculptor friend who is immersed in years of a productive psychotherapy through which she is untangling a most difficult childhood & onward into creating a complex and wonderful adulthood.

"Doing numbers" makes me want to be more open to exploring numerology which I think I have unfairly discounted in the past.

I was so pleased to have the artist, Brenda Ferrimani's, clarification of her artwork on the cover, which opened new dimensions as I looked at it in that light.

"The Project X Church" returned me in memory to an exciting book I read this last year on Asclepian Dream Incubation... I wish I could remember the title....

As an elder I especially appreciated "Charlotte's Creative Ebb."

The book reviews, as always, were of great interest.

I hardly intended to go on at such length, but I wanted to do justice to this superb collection in this issue.

Thank you for all you do, & your increasingly wondrous issues.

Love, Karen Ethelsdatr, NJ/NY

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I wanted to express thankfulness for the Winter issue. How generous you always are. How wide my eyes got when my mail came last week. It is beautiful.

So happy!

What an honor to have my work shown several times in Dream Network. I am one of the people that you spoke of in your editorial, who has been able to grow and spread her wings through your vision to create a "Dream Cherishing Community." Serving the dream has become a very meaningful path and career for me and you have played a major role in how well my work has been received.

I'm going to call Candace, the dreamer of "Luna Lights" today and see if she got her issue. She'll be so proud! Love always,

Brenda Ferrimani, Longmont, CO

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I received the DNJ/Winter issue yesterday in mint condition. You did an excellent job on it again & I am mightily looking forward to reading my paper copy (again & again). Best Regards,

Alma Verbunt, The Netherlands

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Congratulation on your 20 year tenure as DNJ editor and thank you for the beautiful job on my article *Choices: What Would You Do?* I hope the article garners a few responses, and no, it probably doesn't necessarily need a follow up.

I enjoy all the articles and the art on both front and back covers immensely.

I believe DNJ does more for dreaming than any other publication.

Jeff Lewis, Winong, WI

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Meaningful Synchronicity

When I saw my mentor this past week, our conversation centered around some self-support, 'job'-type things I need to take care of, related to doing massage as a 'business.' At one point during the conversation, she mentioned peacocks (not something she's done in the years I've known her). I immediately noticed it, since that was the next article in the Winter issue I was to read, but it wasn't until after the session that I noticed I missed the moment to grab that image and ask her about her peacock reference.

When I started reading the article, starting with the first peacock dream Dr. Woodcock mentions, there were times when I felt a kinesthetic 'ah ha' which connected my session to his story. Of course, I wondered what my teacher would have said about peacocks, and what 'waking dream' message didn't get conveyed because I was too in the middle of my own 'stuff.' It was quite the experience to read Woodcock's article in the light of my own session. And then the next article, 'Career Shift', brought more of it home and reminded me of some important things I have forgotten/neglected.

So this issue, focused on *Dreams &*

Destiny, is particularly meaningful for me.

Peace, Victoria Vlach, Austin, TX

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Senoi Temiar Déjà Vu

Can we learn to rewrite our bad dreams? Are nightmares susceptible to treatment? Are we at the mercy of our subconscious minds? Can we discuss and rehearse better scenarios during the day using imagery-rehearsal therapy?

These and similar ideas permeate a 10-page article, "Nightmare Scenario," in the 11/16/09 issue of *The New Yorker*. Those of us familiar with dream workshops and writings of Kilton Stewart and his widow Clara Stewart Flagg will have a déjà vu recognition of "How to Educate Your Dreams to Work For You." Dreams, nightmares, lucid dreaming, visualizations, art, poetry, inventions and more come from the interplay of conscious-unconscious realms of human experiencing. Sometimes they come unbidden, "it came to me," but with practice, education and training the wealth of creativity available can become a larger part of our lives.

Abraham Maslow famously wrote that the average person has peak experiences that can be programmed and tapped by a self-actualized approach. Buckminster Fuller developed his Synergetics, showing that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Gregory Bateson wrote of the "ecology of the mind," that the entire history of the human species must be considered—the realms of mind, body and spirit that have come from that evolution—in order to understand what it means to be human. From what origins has self-aware consciousness arisen? What are the beginnings of REM brainwaves in mammals that we have understood since 1953, which indicate the probability of a dreaming state? If

dreams have been available to humans for these thousands of years, can we educate them in ways similar to the ways we educate our waking minds? Can we waken from the somnambulistic state we sometimes find ourselves in? Can we *Pay Attention?*

Start the "Consc-Unconsc" dialectic by talking with your dream characters, ask them "Who are you? What do you represent?" Ask for advice, for information, like Jung talked with Philemon, with Salomé. Arlene Feinblatt, a colleague of John Sarno, suggested to a client that he talk with a dream image, and he received an immediate insightful response. Clara had a client who was scheduled for a shoulder operation. On Clara's suggestion that she have a dream about it, she dreamed of "a vial of yellow fluid in her shoulder that she poured out," and woke up with the shoulder healed. Sentences and paragraphs have occurred in writers' imaginations that were turned into stories. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his "Chapter on Dreams," wrote how he developed dreams into stories, such as his Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Like the Senoi Temiar, ask for a song, a dance, a poem, a healing ointment, a new design for ornament or clothing, a new way to prepare food, a new place to hunt for food. If you have a dream of a friend, tell the friend and give a gift of appreciation.

We need to educate ourselves into an "integrated mind-body-spirit."

Allen Flagg, New York, NY

Please send your letters to:

LETTERS
% Dream Network
PO Box 1026
Moab, UT 84532
Publisher@DreamNetwork.net

Drawing the Dream Awake

By Uma Markus M.A., Ed.M



FIVE YEARS AGO, a series of nightmares convinced me that I could no longer ignore the forces that were speaking to me through my dreams.



“Cat Attack”

I joined a group of artists working on their dreams and in this inspiring environment I began to develop my own creative expression.¹ An artistic encounter with my dreams began that took on the urgency of an inner calling. I retreated into my studio to draw my dreams in storybook form.

Giving myself the gift of time to draw was invaluable. I had to slow down and release the driving pace that normally propelled me through my day. In the hours and days it took to create a series of drawings that felt true to the dream story, my imagination, intuition, and feelings opened wide and the dream surrendered

its wisdom in a way that I had never experienced before.

Little did I know how difficult and demanding my artistic quest would become. Within the quiet joy of making art, a profound sorrow emerged from the depths of me. I knew there was grieving to be done and that this was my time to attend to it. With the crucial help of a psychotherapist, I used my artistic imagination to integrate and transform the deep archetypal imagery that was coming through me.



“Be Carefull!”

From the many threads of inner reality rendered visible in the drawings, I wove together a curative tale to release the emotional ties to the past that were still restricting my potential in the present.

As I creatively engaged with the psyche over time, I grew to trust the guiding, indwelling Presence that met me there in direct proportion to my courage to meet with It. This Presence made Itself known in remarkable ways and took many forms in my dreams, but consistently reappeared as various animals. The animals initiated me into the wilderness of my dreams, they featured strongly throughout the unfolding story... and they were there to help me re-emerge.

Cats and snakes were particularly prominent and reoccurring. They first showed up in places where they had been confined or cast out, invoking my fear with their



“My Ally, The Cat”

Now available on DVD:

DRAWING the Dream Awake

By Uma Markus

A 20-minute film that captures a portion of the artist's five-year artistic journey into the wilderness of her dreams to renew her life.

This process of rendering her dreams visible became a compelling healing and spiritual quest that opened new realities and possibilities for the artist and will inspire viewers to follow their own "Inner Calling."



"Uma Markus has returned from the beauty and authenticity of her inner experience with words and images which have not only healed this courageous traveler but offer, to us all, a healing way in these dark times."

Sarah Blum

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

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48 Paseo Vista
Santa Fe, NM 87508



"Serpent Rising"

pent up power and aggression. As I engaged with them in my drawings, they became more liberated and approachable in my dreams. I immersed myself in their immense, vital energy—the gift they brought from their unity with the natural world. My initial terror and aversion melted into profound appreciation and respect.²

Over a period of four years, my focus and fascination shifted from the mystery of my personal story to my encounter with the divine mystery of the dream itself. One day I realized that the burden of "my story" had just fallen away. New realities and possibilities were opening, allowing me to deepen my experiences and broaden my actions in life.

"Drawing the Dream Awake" is a 20-minute film that captures a portion of my artistic journey into my dreams to renew my life. Produced in collaboration with my

son and filmmaker, Samuel Markus, it demonstrates the life changing potential of the inner journey. I hope it will inspire others to follow their own river of dreams. ∞

1. This ongoing dream group is facilitated by artist Victoria Rabinowe in Santa Fe, NM. Victoriadreams.com
2. New Mexico writer and creative consultant Paco Mitchell's premise that the animals in our dreams can be seen as angels was profoundly helpful. dreamingplanet.com.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Uma Markus is an artist, teacher, and experienced guide for those who want to creatively explore the healing and transforming power of their dreams. She is currently under contract as a children's book illustrator and working on her own book, *Drawing the Dream Awake*. Previously she was director and sole proprietor of Creative Art Workshops in Santa Fe, NM where she held classes and maintained a 10-year art therapy practice. You can visit her website at drawingthedream.com or email umajmarkus@earthlink.net



Gold, Silver, Zephyr, Harmonium

WE COULD FILL A SMALL PHONE BOOK with listings of all the healing modalities offered to suffering consumers: hot rocks massage, lomi-lomi massage, reiki, tai chi, rational-emotive therapy, primal-scream therapy, aromatherapy, high colonics, homeopathy, acupuncture, astrology, aura-cleansing, re-birthing, past-life regressions and so on.

Some of these practices—gene therapy or stem-cell therapy, for example—only came into existence recently, on the coattails of high science and technology. A surprising number, perhaps even a preponderance, are ancient practices. Many people are disenchanted with the power displays and tactics of modern systems—medicine, technology, the computer, etc. And they go ransacking the closet of history and culture looking for anything—however neglected, discredited or obsolete—that might offer a healing spark.

But whether the healing mode is archaic or recent, the sheer number of offerings suggests that plenty of wounding must be taking place. One begins to suspect that there is something about our entire cultural setup that is inherently damaging, or

close to it. R. D. Laing notoriously suggested that if an entire society is crazy-making, then perhaps the most maladapted ones—i.e., the insane—are seeing more clearly than the adapted ones. This seems like a crazy statement in itself, but there may be more than a grain of truth to it. After all, can we really speak of healthy “adaptation” to a culture that devotes vast amounts of research money to perfecting ways of incinerating thousands of civilians in a single nuclear flash? Or that turns a blind eye while bringing about massive numbers of animal extinctions? Something to ponder, to be sure.

In so many ways we find ourselves hovering on the brink of this or that catastrophic event or condition. Alarming articles warn of imminent, widespread destruction and when they offer even a sliver of hope it is qualified with words like *unless*: “We are likely to destroy ourselves and the planet, *unless* enough people find the political will to . . . etc., etc.”

We might ask ourselves how, after so many centuries of so-called progress, we have reached this point. Theodore Roszak points out the obvious truth: we *progressed* to it.



by Paco Mitchell, M. A.

“It is from need and distress that new forms of life take their rise, and not from mere wishes or from the requirements of our ideals.”

—C. G. Jung

We have striven mightily to reach this point, and are enjoying the fruits of our labors. We sought power over nature and one another, and we gained it. But the psychological principle of *enantiodromia* assures us that the more we pile up lop-sided advantages on one side of the scales, the closer we come to a corrective restoration of balance.

The big question, of course, is whether and to what degree the inevitable correction will be voluntary or involuntary, conscious or unconscious. Will it be a global shift in spiritual awareness, for example, or a global shift toward irreversible decline? Paradoxically, this depends to a great extent on the psychology of individuals. For the crux of life and its potentials are always embodied by individuals, not by a statistical average or mean.

And so we find ourselves caught in a paradox: Even as we are subjected to increasingly massive accumulations of power beyond our control, becoming “powerless” in the process, tremendous corrective forces build up in the unconscious of individuals. It is from individuals—not from an abstract mass—that the healing

images will reach the light of day. Even more, the healing forces will not be conjured by simply re-hashing the tired formulas and nostrums of the old familiar forms; they will come from the obscure reaches of dreams, visions and inspirations. Even more, it is in the lives and actions of individuals that the healing images will be nourished, given body, lived out as new truths and new, regenerative forms of life. For a brilliant insight is worthless, unless it is *lived*.

When I asked myself what dream I could offer for this issue's theme of Dreams and Healing, I was hard-pressed at first, since the more I thought about the topic, the more unwieldy it became. But as I stewed in the kettle of my dilemma, a dream popped into my head. And it did in fact resonate with this great question. Though I have written about it before in DNJ, I felt it was worth looking at again, if only out of respect for the magnitude of the dream. After all, the word *respect* means "to look again."

I call this dream "**Gold, Silver, Zephyr, Harmonium.**" It doesn't resolve the question of wounding and healing—is that even possible?—but at least it speaks to the scope of the problem and maps out possibilities for further contemplation.

In the dream:

I am approaching a neighborhood in an old European city. I look in the sky as three shiny, delta-wing, American fighter jets streak off on some military mission. It is a projection of American power into some distant "theater" on the other side of the globe. Soon they are returning from their mission, but now are dirty, battered, struggling to stay

aloft. Upon approaching they transform into a single passenger airliner, also dirty, battered and struggling to stay aloft. It seems as if the very spiritual impulse of our civilization has been spent. All the thrust has gone out of it. As I watch I realize it is going to crash. "It's not going to make it," I tell myself.

The huge airliner descends lower and lower, finally disappearing behind some buildings. I hear a loud explosion and see an enormous ball of greasy orange and black flame and smoke rising to the sky. I say to myself, "This is a tragedy." Then I see, emerging from the flames, four large, translucent, iridescent globes float slowly out of the fireball. They rise to a point, stop in mid-air, then slowly glide, horizontally, in my direction. They stop again in mid-air and slowly descend to a point just in front of me, where they remain hovering in the air.

I run into an adjacent building, an empty warehouse, where an authoritative woman is standing on a platform. I tell her what I have just seen, and realize that each of the four globes had names. They were called: "Gold, Silver, Zephyr and Harmonium." Associated with the last globe, Harmonium, was the image of a tree.

When I recite the names to the woman, she replies: "Yes, people are working on those all over the world."

[End of dream.]

One striking thing about this dream is that it shows how the collective situation—a virtual collapse of the old spiritual mode of power and domination—releases hidden forces from out of turmoil, tragedy and crisis. The dream seemed to be saying that this disaster, which affects so many, nevertheless marks the release of a healing potentiality which bears upon the individual.

It was obvious that I was in no way the only one affected. I was witness to a process that affects many.

In fact, I am tempted to say: "The more people who are challenged and affected by the mysterious globes, the better." To me the globes do indeed symbolize healing potentials. The four names correspond to the four classical elements—Fire, Water, Air and Earth—and as such belong to the phenomenology and symbolism of the Self—images, we might say, of the spirit of wholeness.

The wholeness portended by the globes, however, lies for the most part ahead of us. In the meantime we suffer the crisis of our age—that we live out a terrible degree of dividedness, both inner and outer. The divisions result directly from our historical inheritance, and tear the world asunder: The demands of the body conflict with the claims of the spirit; religions profess love, or peace or obedience while rankling with hatred; material well-being for all is advanced as a high value, yet social justice withers on the vine.

In our unconsciousness we allow these old conflicts to persist. They drag us into the future, encumbering our ability to meet squarely the conditions we face. We are wounded

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Arthur Stroock, Ph. D.

A Dream of a Health Care Plan

Would you like to have a comprehensive and personalized no cost health plan?

How about one that allows for all pre-existing conditions, provides for an unlimited number of treatments, gives special nursing care, is proactive in recommending alternative and complementary care options, makes multidisciplinary treatment recommendations, is open to out-of-network specialists, has an in-house cancer detection testing service, and can draw upon the power of loving spiritual energy? Yes, those are silly rhetorical questions. Nevertheless, I believe we all have access to such a plan. You guessed it; the plan is embedded in our dreams.

You may have worked with health-related dreams. It was not until recently that I realized how often I have had health-related dreams and how very significant their benefit has been. The dreams seem to have been a part of a proactive plan for good health. My health related dreams began in response to a serious finger infection that was identical to one I had had twenty years before. In response to the more recent infection, dream guidance highlighted a product called *ichthammol*, a black drawing salve. As a result of obtaining and using the *ichthammol*, I may have avoided a repeat of surgery that was required previously to eliminate the infection. You can read about

the entire healing process in the article, "Health Related Dream Guidance" in the March/April 1987 issue of *Dream Network*. Since then, *ichthammol* has eliminated my worries about various kinds of infections. For me, it has performed like a magical broad spectrum miracle drug that can be used again and again with no side effects.

In addition to dealing with easily recognizable conditions, the dream plan can provide what might be called early detection test results. One morning, I hastily jotted down the words "skin cancer" on a sheet of paper, being in too much of a hurry to recall and write down the night's dreams. The piece of paper was mislaid and not considered until I had a dream in which *a man was told about a skin cancer on his back*. For months, I took no action, but finally decided to look more closely at the small growth-like spot on my back that had been there as long as I could remember. As a result, I noticed color changes and a slight rawness of which I had been unaware. I made an appointment with a dermatologist. I took her recommendation and had the growth removed.

Years ago, I had a kidney stone condition for which I was treated in the hospital. My urologist was a noted specialist in the field who had developed a procedure for going up through the ureter with a mechanical device to remove stones. My stone was apparently stubborn and was not

amenable to his procedure. The stone later passed on its own, but I still recall his commenting to me that I didn't have to worry about the removal of the catheter. He used the descriptive analogy of a "hot knife going through butter."

My dream plan has a nurse on staff, a valuable benefit. Nurses can make recommendations based on a combination of their rigorous training and broad range of practical experience. During a dream in which *I was in a doctor's office, the doctor's nurse told me that if I should get a kidney stone, ultrasound would be the treatment of choice for me*. A month later, I woke up to the sharp pain of a kidney stone. Quick calls to urologists' offices failed to locate one who used ultrasound in his office. Having no waking life health insurance plan at the time, I investigated the Edgar Cayce remedies and began massaging the area with turpentine. The next night, *I saw a hand saw with sharp teeth and then looked into a muddy pit in the ground which contained, among other things, a bottle I knew I needed to get*. Fortunately, I was able to reach the bottle that was labeled "castor oil." It was time to modify my treatment. I realized that the turpentine from the hardware store was obviously not what Cayce had in mind. From the looks of the hand saw in my dream, the turpentine may have in some way been cutting my tissues. I switched my efforts to using external castor oil packs, which reduced the pain

and allowed me to pass the stone without professional medical attention. Fortunately my dream plan did not penalize me for having a history of kidney stones or require me to return to my previous urologist.

Most outpatient medical care plans do not include individualized nutrition guidance, an important provision of the dream plan. One morning I awoke after seeing *my dinner plate filled with a beef hamburger patty, spinach, and tomato*. Being extremely challenged with regard to meal preparation more complicated than canned soup with salad, I had occasionally had the meal of my dreams. The dream alerted me to the fact that I had neglected to have any red meat for a long period of time. I looked at my dream as a recommendation to continue my past practice of having red meat as a source of iron, something also found in the spinach. I wondered at the time if the tomato might in some way help the digestion of the meat and spinach.

My plan's ability to communicate guidance regarding midnight snacks, however, was put to the test. I encountered a long series of *bar hopping* dreams over a several month period. The other customers in the bars always included *good looking wild women*. The dreams were lifelike enough that when I woke up, I would glance over at my sleeping wife, embarrassed about being part of the bar scene. Eventually, I realized that the bar dreams followed my midnight excursions to the kitchen where I would eat some of my wife's delicious home made wheat bread, toasted and covered with plenty of butter and honey. I realized I was being warned that with all that honey, my body was turning the wheat bread snack into grain alcohol. Not wanting alcohol in my system, I stopped those midnight snacks.

Another nutrition-related dream series involved *ice cream*. Ice cream had been a favorite staple of my diet for years. No dinner was complete without "a good healthy serving" of it. It's safe to say, I loved ice cream. The dreams occurred

so long ago, I no longer recall their content, but I do recall trying to avoid them while still eating my favorite food. I tried smaller portions. It didn't work. I stopped eating ice cream. The dreams stopped, too. Years later, while examining a very complete series of blood test results, my physician asked if there was any history of diabetes in my family. The test results had suggested that I might be prone to diabetes, although I could recall no family history of diabetes. The physician recommended nutrition supplements that corrected the problem. His question, however, reminded me that I had speculated at the time of my dreams that all of the sugar in the ice cream might have been putting me at risk for diabetes.

It appears that the dream health care plan also has a department that oversees the use of over-the-counter medicines. One night, I had a dream-like vision of *a bottle of Brioschi that I vaguely knew was an antacid*. At the time, my digestive system seemed out of wack. I'm sure my body's pH was more acid than alkaline, an invitation for health problems. The dream Brioschi bottle was shaped like a tall triangle with a very small cap at the top. I found the product at a super market and purchased some. The bottle was more jar-shaped than in my dream and had a large conventional plastic screw-on lid. The label included a warning that it could have a laxative effect for some individuals. I was especially intrigued, however, that the recommended dose was one capful (6 grams) of the product in water. Because my dream bottle of Brioschi had a very small cap, I used just a fraction of a capful as my dose. It worked perfectly as an antacid and did have a slight but helpful laxative effect.

Soon after beginning the use of Brioschi, however, I had a related dream in which *I was standing on the bank of a lake watching a sailboat with a man aboard. As I watched, the wind picked up. I yelled to him, "Stop, stop!" as the man went overboard and the boat capsized*. The message was clear. The dream

showed me metaphorically that I had been going overboard in my use of Brioschi. The reality of the need to increase alkaline producing foods rather than rely on an antacid struck home.

There is no doubt that our digestive tract is critical to our health. One of my dreams was of *a canal right behind a house. The canal was filled with disgustingly dirty water and equally disgusting creatures swimming in it*. The dream symbolized my alimentary canal. Then there were my bathroom dreams... Well, maybe they would tell you more than you'd really want to know.

More recently, the spiritual aspect of my health dreams has been emphasized. Three synchronistic events led me to learn about John of God, a Brazilian healer who has devoted over fifty-two years of his life to helping others. He is a humble man who explains that he himself does no healing, that the healing comes from God. He is known for many miracles that include psychic surgery. While learning about John of God, I was using a treatment regimen developed by Dr. William McGarey for me years ago that had been successful in relieving pain from benign prostate gland enlargement after conventional allopathic medical treatment had failed. The remedies did not work for a recent recurrence of symptoms. I had heard so many disappointing stories about various treatments for my problem, I chose to see John of God.

Fortunately, with perfect timing, I learned that the Omega Institute in Rhinebeck, NY sponsors annual John of God healing sessions. I registered in time to take advantage of the full four day program. The program was unlike anything I had ever experienced. There were more than 1500 participants all hoping to be healed. In order to take full advantage of what John of God had to offer, I requested dream guidance to let me know what I could do to facilitate a healing. In the night's dreams, *I see John of God in a small group setting. He said to me, "Arthur, you and I have a road instruct. Tell me when you're*

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A Sensing Array

I report to a business in a tall office building, very futuristic in design.

The company has an electronics lab that I am being given a tour of.

The lead person is demonstrating a new piece of equipment that seems to be a large sensing array of some kind.

As I observe, there seems to be some kind of a problem getting the equipment started.

I look over the array of electronic circuitry and touch a card that I feel is not functioning.

They retry the demonstration and the equipment begins to function properly.

They have video connections with several potential customers
whom they have sent small scanner receiver/transmitter modules to for the test.

As the equipment begins to cycle through its test sequence, each customer site is observed in order.

A visible wave passes through the corridor of the floor on which the sensor was placed and data is sent back to the lab and a new wave is transmitted to the remote sensors. A resulting harmonious wave and comforting tone emanates from the remote unit and people in the rooms off the corridor are healed.

I realize now that the customers sites are all critical care units in hospitals.

I am being given a tour of the lab by the director and he shows me into a large room
full of very sophisticated computer driven electronic equipment.

I am given a manual to review and as I touch the manual the symbols Alpha and Omega
appear in my minds eye and on the cover of the manual.

The letters do not seem to be typed or printed on the manual, rather they seem to glow from
within as I hold the book. I open the manual and read the detailed journal of the labs' experiments and then realize
that the equipment was designed to sense electromagnetic imbalances in people caused by disease and emotional stress.

The book speaks to electromagnetic and sound wave generation to effect healing in all living things
within the range of the scanners receiver/transmitters.

The words speak of God's love for all of Mother/Father God's creation and how
the new technology is being given to humankind to help heal the world.

I have been chosen by the lab director to be part of the experiment because of my known development on the spiritual level.
The test of my ability to assist in the work at hand is my touching the first equipment I was shown and how the equipment
began to function. The director explained that only a few people had the proper inner peace and harmonious vibration
to effect energizing of the delicate sensing equipment. He did not have to explain any further, as I immediately became fully
knowledgeable of the equipment's design and the task at hand.

The others took me on a complete tour of the facility. We walk into corridors that have
smokey glass-like walls that are translucent so one can see all around themselves.

There is a beautifully landscaped park area in the court around which the building was built.

The walls surrounding the courtyard are curved and smooth. The beauty of the park area is indescribable. It reminds me
of the center of the Isle of Love and Life from my Journey Inward, another dream. As we walk through the
pristine corridors, it seems that we have to proceed through several doors in a proper sequence and speed or the passageways
will become inaccessible. In several areas there are small alcoves facing the courtyard which contain equipment that senses
the area and sends data back to the main electronics. Everything seems so delicately tuned and balanced that any
anomaly would cause a reaction from the system. It is as if the equipment and God's creation are intricately linked in a
symbiotic balance. As we approach one of the alcoves, a tone begins to emanate from the walls around us and my guide
says we must hurry to open the door. As I reach for the door, it seems to respond to the presence of my hand before I reach
it and it opens to let us into the observation area. I stand there in the alcove staring in wonder at the beauty before me.

I feel a wash of warmth and love pass over me.... as I wake up.



Dream Medicine

Dream Guidance Toward Healing

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THERE IS A POWERFUL HEALING POTENTIAL within our dreams if we are willing to take notice and listen to their wisdom. The word for “dream” in Hebrew is *chalom* and is derived from the verb meaning “to be made healthy or strong.” When we use the term “healing” do we mean getting rid of a physical illness? We usually think this, but “curing” is a better term to use for this phenomenon. The verb “to heal” is etymologically related to the Old English *ha/* (whole); thus to heal, to restore to health, is to make whole. “Healing” has the broader psychological meaning of being made whole on mental, emotional and spiritual levels as well as the physical level.

Some dreams do actually deal with physical ailments and can warn one of oncoming health problems, diagnose ailments, suggest treatment and accelerate the healing process. They can be both literal and metaphorical.

In his book *Healing Dreams* Marc Barasch discusses how his own dreams and those of others led to healing. In his own case, after experiencing a series of vivid, mysterious and disturbing dreams, he was jolted to attention by a metaphorical dream. He tells how in this

dream “torturers had hung an iron pot filled with red-hot coals beneath my chin, and I woke up screaming, the odor of searing flesh in my nostrils—I couldn't ignore them any longer. I was sure that something inside me had gone drastically wrong. Each successive dream had spelled it out more explicitly until, although the word was never uttered, it glared down at me from a neon marquee: cancer.”

Although he immediately went to his doctor, Marc had to persist—after having more nightmares—before the skeptical doctor ordered a needle biopsy. He had to overcome his own fears before he allowed a biopsy, which revealed a malignant tumor of the thyroid gland, and later the surgical removal of the cancer.

Wanda Burch, in her book *She Who Dreams*, describes both metaphorical and literal dreams that foretold of her breast cancer. In one metaphorical dream, *a worm is eating away at the core of a fruit*. She writes, “*My guide [in the dream] tells me that there is a problem with the fruit from 'my' tree, and that I must take care of the problem—that I must destroy the worm in the fruit before it destroys the tree. . . .* In this dream, there was direct warning of illness: a worm in the fruit (my breast) that could,

without intervention, destroy the tree (my life). Intuitively, I knew I had breast cancer, but the medical community responded slowly, hesitantly, convinced that I was imagining a problem. I wanted to believe that the dreams indicated some other problem in my life. But I knew that they originated within the deepest part of my soul, some place within myself—the doctor within—that had profound knowledge of my physical and mental makeup.”

Later, before she finally received the diagnosis of breast cancer, she had a dream in which her deceased father named her disease. *“He tells me, almost shouting, that I have a malignant lump in my breast and that I must have my breast removed.”* She had other dreams that told her of the exact location of the cancer.

As I have mentioned in my book, *Guided by Dreams: Breast Cancer, Dreams, and Transformation*, I experienced some warning dreams before I was diagnosed with breast cancer. In one,

*“I have a pet cat that I love.
I discover it has a branching
(shrub-like) growth coming out of
its body's underside. I hunt for the
kitten to get it so I can cut off this
growth. I find the kitten under a*

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Panther Medicine

Prior to having this dream, I had been struggling with a strange condition which started on my right foot, then spread to both hands. All three were swollen, blistered, weeping and itching consistently and generally interfering with my ability to focus on my daily tasks. When this malady first erupted (on the right foot) I tried athlete's foot medication... to no avail. I consulted my doctor... to no avail. My doctor referred a dermatologist... to no avail and considerable expense. As the 'condition' escalated and whilst in the height of it, I continued to care for my family and work (I felt and looked terrible). I had also purchased a ticket to hear Joseph Campbell speak and under NO circumstances was I going to miss his talk. I went with a slipper on my right foot and my hands wrapped in gauze. The day after his talk, I dreamt....

I rise from my bed, surprised to see my former boss outside the bedroom window.

I am very aware that she lives 1000+ miles away!

In my nightgown, I rush outside and ask "What are you doing here?"

"Looking for work," she said.

We begin walking and talking, catching up... so intent on one another that we aren't paying attention to our surroundings.

Suddenly, the ground under our feet begins to tremble and when we look up— there is a hippopotamus running across the dream scene. WHAT?

We are in a park... and as I look around, I see zebras, elephants, giraffes... the kind of animals one typically sees only in a zoo in this country.

I think, "This must be safe, otherwise 'they' wouldn't allow the animals to roam freely like this," and try to relax.

About the time I have this thought, I see a lion being chased by a black panther and they begin circling around us, which stops us in our tracks.

Next instant, I am on the ground on my back and the Panther has my right foot in his mouth. S/he has human teeth.

We communicate non-verbally via our eyes, Panther orders me to "Be Still!"

Without hesitation, I respond with a non-verbal "OK~Whatever you say!"

I immediately called in to my job and took a much-needed week off... to Be Still. Within hours after awakening from this extraordinary dream, I was healed. Totally healed.

*sideboard, pick it up
and hold it lovingly."*

At the time I didn't understand the symbolism of this dream. Two years later I was diagnosed with breast cancer. When I looked back on this dream much later—now understanding that a kitten in my dreams frequently is a symbol for myself—I wondered whether it could have helped to have understood the message sooner. If you can train yourself to find danger signs in your dreams, in some cases you will be able to seek early treatment, thus speeding recovery. Unfortunately many people—including Barasch and Burch—have found it difficult to convince their doctors that their dreams can have validity.

Five months after having the above dream and still over a year before my diagnosis, I had a dream describing a form of biopsy I would undergo. In this dream,

"Others and I are undergoing some kind of 'tests' which seem to be medical. We are being anesthetized to have some 'tube' or something inserted. This will be left in so the results can be observed and recorded."

This is the kind of dream you are tempted not to record because you remember so little and you can't see its significance. I had never heard of a needle localization biopsy.

By the time I received my diagnosis I had studied dreams enough to know I might be able to receive beneficial guidance from any forthcoming dreams. On the third morning after receiving the diagnosis I remembered a series of six dreams in which I am attending some kind of educational conference. The various "scenes" seemed somehow connected.

The first dream illustrated metaphorically my precarious situation and my reaction to it. I believed the second dream was very significant to the present time; I hoped it might help

answer the question uppermost in my mind: Who should perform the lumpectomy? In the dream,

*I am with two men. One is thin and shorter than the other. He looks at me very kindly and somehow I know he wants to pick me up and carry me. I say I think I am much too big and heavy for him. The other man is bigger, taller. He is just standing there doing and saying nothing. I don't know the men; I don't know their names. The shorter man responds that he can lift me: 'We'll see what I can do.' He very slowly and gently eases me up so I am horizontal and am being held close to him He then slowly and gently eases and turns me around, moving me several feet farther over in the
room
or space where we are
I am amazed at the ease and gentleness with which he does this."*

Dreams can provide guidance regarding treatment for an illness. It is up to the dreamer to make the choice to do what is best after considering all the facts given by doctors and one's dreams. I felt this dream was suggesting who should do the lumpectomy, but for a long time I wasn't sure what the suggestion was. After engaging in lengthy consultations with several doctors including a radiation oncologist, I became convinced the gentle, shorter man in the dream was the radiation oncologist who could carry me further along my treatments after the original surgeon had completed his part. I chose this route for my treatments and came through the whole experience remarkably well.

After I completed my radiation treatments, I wrote to this doctor, telling him the story of how I chose him. I expressed gratitude for the excellent care he and his staff provided and for being "guided into making choices that proved to be right for me. Something very amazing was going on with the

dream." A few days later I received this reply from him: "Thank you for sharing your thoughts with me. I was very touched by this little essay. It makes one wonder whether there are forces that we don't understand that are at work, guiding us in one direction or another."

Many months—even years—later, after studying these dreams further, I realized that the other four dreams pointed to means of healing and showed future events following my treatments. At the time I could see only what the dreams were saying on an external, and at times literal, level. My mind was so caught up with the immediate medical experience and my working knowledge of dream symbolism was so limited that I missed the deeper, inner symbolism. I forgot that all characters in a dream could be symbols for parts of oneself. Thus, the various men in this series of dreams could represent my inner masculine attributes and were available to help me through this experience.

Patricia Garfield in *The Healing Power of Dreams* points out that "our dream metaphors about our bodies change throughout the course of an illness." As already discussed, in forewarning dreams symptoms of illness often show up in metaphorical language using universal symbols that might point to imbalances or illnesses. Something wrong with cars, houses, and even animals, representing our bodies, suggest problems. Forewarning dreams can also be diagnostic dreams. Sometimes they can point to the location and sensations of disturbed body parts. As we return to health, new elements—positive, hopeful images—may show up in our dreams. Garfield recommends "drawing these images or using them in visualizations" to help accelerate the recovery process. Images of "new" things—newborn animals or babies, new clothing, new or restored houses—are metaphors for an evolving new body image. Other images may

depict a sense of recovering control over one's life, regaining energy, and feeling supported and loved.

Fortunately, once Wanda Burch received her diagnosis she, as she puts it, "was blessed with physicians [her surgeon and oncologist] who . . . were willing to listen" to her dreams. She said, "My doctors appreciated my dreams and modeled treatments for my illness on our shared dreaming. Together we stepped beyond science and discovered the right combination of medicine for the body and medicine for the mind."

How is it that dreams can show us things we are not aware of in waking life? The mind-body connection within us is so strong that our sleeping mind, our inner self, senses imbalances long before we become conscious of them. Sometimes we may have a vague awareness, but we don't want to face what such symptoms might suggest. Our dreams come to make us aware of problems so we can do something about them. Frightening nightmares say, "Wake up! Pay attention! There is something very important you need to do for the sake of your health and wholeness."

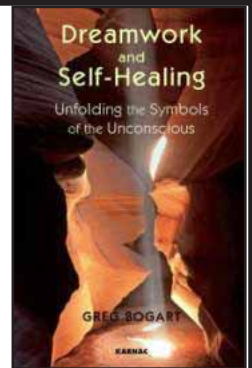
Candace Pert, Ph.D., a biophysics and physiology researcher, made discoveries in the 1980s that confirmed an intricate biochemical communication network between the body and mind. Since emotions play a major role in the mind/body phenomenon, Pert emphasized that for maximum functioning of the immune system it is important to free blocked emotions and find constructive ways to express them. Dreamwork is a way to do this. It is a complementary therapy that has been overlooked for too long.

Wendy Pannier and Tallulah Lyons, members of IASD and co-founders of the Healing Power of Dreams Project, for the past decade have used dreamwork with cancer patients at The Wellness Communities in Philadelphia and Atlanta. They report: "We have seen how powerful dream imagery can be.

Dreamwork and Self-Healing

Greg Bogart, PhD, MFT

This book explores archetypal themes and complexes, unfolding the symbols of the unconscious. The author shows that dreamwork is a natural antidepressant and is helpful in transforming anger and couples' conflicts. The book also explores sexuality, synchronicities, spiritual awakening and representations of the body in dreams.



"Greg Bogart's inspirational approach to spiritual depth psychology is potent medicine indeed. We find ourselves drawn into these gripping stories, awed by the vitality of dreams, which reveal both the sources of our wounding and paths to healing."
~ Linda Schierse Leonard, Ph.D.

"Greg Bogart shows how Jungian dreamwork can be applied effectively in brief-term and long-term therapy, couples counseling, group process work and as a catalyst for personal transformation. "Taming Wild Horses" is a powerful case study that's unlike anything I've ever read. Bogart's creative reading of Jung, Von Franz, and Edinger, his dream mandala method, and his brilliant chapter on dreams and spirituality makes this book highly recommended reading."
~ Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

Dreamwork & Self-Healing ~ Karnac Books: 324 pages softcover
Available from www.amazon.com
& www.karnacbooks.com/Product.asp?PID=26653

We believe our work with dream imagery has application for other types of illness too—and for anyone seeking a fuller sense of wellness in life. We use the recognized and proven modality of visualization/active imagination techniques and take them to the next level by customizing them with the individual's own dream imagery. This work falls into two primary categories: Transforming negative dream images (such as those from nightmares) and reinforcing positive and healing dream images by using them with imagery work in combination with other integrative medicine modalities."

A survey of their dream group participants found the following: Dreamwork brings about (1) decreased feelings of anxiety and stress, (2) an increased sense of connection with others, (3) an increased sense of connection to inner resources, (4) increased understanding of healing at multiple levels, (5) an increased quality

of life—particularly emotional, social and spiritual, (6) increased feelings of control over life and health issues, (7) increased feelings of hope, and (8) an understanding of how to live fully now, despite cancer. "Healing," in the truest sense of the word, can take place even when a "cure" is not possible.

As a facilitator with the Project, I am working with Lyons and Pannier to introduce and encourage the use of dreamwork as a complementary therapy. Dreamwork is beneficial for everyone, but can be especially helpful for persons experiencing serious illness. We are offering to conduct introductory workshops for interested healthcare groups. Dreamwork can become a journey toward recovery, toward wellness, toward wholeness and true healing. ∞

Rachel Norment, M.A. in Art Education, is a watercolor artist, a certified dreamwork facilitator and a facilitator with the IASD Healing Power of Dreams Project. Her Web site is <http://www.expressiveavenues.com>.

Dreams, Bones and the Future

Part V



A Continuing Dialogue Between

Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell



RL. At the end of our last dialogue, I was saying that from a large cultural perspective we may be entering a new nomadism. I think the Internet is an example of this, where we can travel the world of places, ideas, time—most everything—in an “instant.” Perhaps the greatest danger is in not taking time to dwell in anything, but rushing off to “the next” as quickly as we arrived. We may indeed sacrifice what Keats called negative capability, when one “is capable of being in uncertainties, Mysteries, doubts without any irritable reaching after fact & reason.” It is not possible to dwell in these geographies Keats refers to if time loses “duration” in our experience. Yet, even if one is able to stay in such spaces for a time, there too we find a kind of nomadic wanderlust at work, for in that space, the portals of imagination, like gateways, open to a “new world,” one opens to exploration in ways that are only hinted at by what we have mentioned so far in these dialogues, and even more so by that to which we have not yet spoken. Dreams, as I have tried to make clear, are “calling” us to “explore the future,” to enter into the rhizomic womb and to participate in the birth of what is to come. In this sense, dreams are nomadic prods, urging us on.

As I was mulling this over, I fell into a liminal state in which I was traveling with a group of prehistoric figures—

perhaps Neanderthals—producing a frisson of uncertainty as to what I *was* in this context. I could not tell, knowing only that I “understood” what was being said and that we were traveling to a “council of dreamers,” as the leader explained.

As I came out of this imaginal state, I felt that this was one of those “hints” that we have not yet explored, that has that strange quality of a root in long lost history and yet speaking to “the future” in some way not quite explicable. So, Paco, what does the image of a “council of dreamers” from prehistoric time conjure up in you?

PM: As usual, your words and images have the effect of a blacksmith’s hammer on the anvil of my mind, and associations go flying in all directions, like sparks from red-hot iron. I hope I can do partial justice to at least some of those sparks as I chase them hither and yon.

You point out a dichotomy between two levels of the “new nomadism.” On one side, there is a fruitful seeking after new and even old but always *lively* ways of seeing; and on the other, a restless but sterile gaze upon mere objects. The first strikes forth in revolutionary ways, while the second turns in grooves of deadly sameness.

Why should we use the term “nomadism” to describe both phenomena? Partly, I think, it is a result of how

undeveloped our language is in describing the subtleties of psychological experience. We have become so accustomed to what Blake decried as “Newton’s single vision,” that we forget there are two ways of seeing—merely looking at vs. truly seeing. When we only look at something, all subjective awareness resides within us. But when we truly see something, what we see addresses us as a living subject in its own right. Rilke recognized this phenomenon in his poem “Archaic Torso of Apollo.” At the end of the poem, the marble torso “still suffused with brilliance from inside, like a lamp” spoke to Rilke, in effect, and said: “...there is no place that does not see you. You must change your life.”

Of these two modern nomadisms, I know that you seek what we might call the “higher,” or revolutionary, nomadism. That is why you allowed yourself to dwell in the negative capability long enough to drop into that timeless reverie in which you walked with a band of Neanderthal hunters, all on your way to a “council of dreamers.” Had you hewn only to the mark of the lower nomadism, you would probably be up to your ears in electrodes, standard deviations and control groups. As it is, you have hewn to the mark of *your own experience*.

I accepted your challenge to respond to the “council of dreamers” image.

Consigning myself to negative capability, I dropped into my own reverie. *I saw myself born along on the wings of a large heron, as if I was riding on its back. The heron and I flew toward the Neanderthal band and on to its "council of dreamers" When we arrived, I saw—or felt—that the dreamers formed a circle, the only configuration that made any sense. As I tried to feel my way into the goal of their council, the aim of their meeting, I was surprised to find that what they sought was... the future!* This was so startling to me that, at that point, the vision ended.

However brief and evanescent it was, this imaginal experience has given me much to contemplate. How ironic that, in our efforts to chart ways into the future, you and I both have fallen back on styles and methods of consciousness thousands of years old, only to discover that our Neanderthal counterpart—at least insofar as my imagination could see them—were seeking a pathway into the future, as if they sought to meet us halfway!

Also, I find myself wondering to what extent the heron and I are separate, distinct beings. Whether I say "I flew" or "we flew," is there a difference? Are we discontinuous phenomena, as the modern outlook would have it, or are the two of us really one, parts of one integral unity? This would be an archaic mode of "thought." I suspect that mysteries lurk behind these questions, which the modern outlook is ill-suited to answer. I know that imaginal experiences are susceptible to any number of reductive criticisms, as if they were only this, or only that. But years of living with the negative capability required to delve deeply into dreams has long since taught me to proceed in all such exploratory ventures in the provisional spirit of—as if.

RL: Your reference to their seeking us as we seek them reminds me of Robert

Sawyer's wonderful *Neanderthal Trilogy: Hominid, Human, Hybrid*. Here is one artist who is fictionally pursuing this very territory. Who knows what future "hybrid" consciousness might develop if we recovered the deep roots of "knowing" that these people had? Aren't we seeing a version of this in modern science when—freed from the confines of that Newtonian single-mindedness—we are freed to recover the wisdom of earlier traditions? Do we not see something of this in *Avatar*, James Cameron's vision of the hybrid possibilities of human and alien?

This "going back," in whatever manner, is an essential move in "going forward." It characterizes the point of the new nomadism. Modern humans, for all our overall advancement, can hardly be described as fully "at home." Half the world is fighting over "homeland," and we all are witness to the ecological warnings that picture our earthly home in grave danger. So the new nomadism appears in many forms from impulses to "find meaning" (as old institutions crumble), to exploring dreams, imagination, and the far reaches of mental states, to our incessant nomadic "browsing" the internet.

If we focus on the word itself, *nomad*, we can see how this works. Nomads have no fixed home as they are constantly "seeking" food, water, shelter. The word came from the Greek *nomos*, from the Indo-European root *nem-3* containing the fundamental image of "wandering." But wandering is not "lost." It is the stark "lostness" of the modern, post-modern, and contemporary conditions that claim there is no meaning, that dreams are random, imagination is illusion, and there is only now. True wandering is, ironically, a dwelling in the unknown of the future, the uncertainty of "next," and moreover a kind of "appetite" for what Keats called the "Pentration of Mystery." Keats captured this sense in his "negative capability," as did Rilke

in his line, "There is no place to bide." (Yes, it's "bide" as in to bide one's time, to wait, to dwell.)

If we focus on the etymology of the word "future," it's prehistory, we find the root *bleu-*, meaning "to be," "to dwell," "to grow." In Greek this came to be the word *phulon* which referred to the "tribe that dwells together." Of course, the future is "what is to be," where we *will* dwell, that place we will "grow into" together. I love how "looking back" into a word's roots, reveals so much. And this is a rhizomic layer each of us carries whether we know it or not.

By "going back" to the prehistory of the word "future," we can gather up some intriguing images that begin to give more "body" to the word. I'm sure that "going back" into earlier consciousness would similarly give birth to experiences that would likewise give body to our wanderings in prehistory. I believe it is important, as the word itself conveys, that we do this *together*. In this regard I've been wondering whether the "social networking" craze (*Twitter, Facebook, MySpace, etc.*) is perhaps a step in this direction of non-hierarchical collective effort.

So how do we do this... *new community*? I think that most of us have an immediate problem with this because our consciousness is so filled with intention (or shoulds, oughts, can'ts, etc.) we get stopped from doing anything at all in this direction. So first, I believe, *dropping* intention as fully as possible is one way to dwell and wander in unintentional space. This cutting the moorings to our sense of "us," becomes the potential for our experiencing something "other." Being nomadic, after all, means leaving what we know and moving on into an unknown "something else." This is the state I think we are talking about in these dialogues. Listen to how Lorca expresses this:

Casida of the Rose

The rose
was not searching for the sunrise:
almost eternal on its branch,
it was searching for something else

The rose was not searching for
darkness or science
borderline of flesh and dream,
it was searching for something else.

The rose
was not searching for the rose
motionless in the sky
it was searching for something else

One of the ways I do this searching is through what I call "accidental" gesture. A specific example is to take coffee and a large sheet of soft absorbent paper and spill, splash, throw, drip, drop, smear, etc., without any "intention" to "make something" specific. After the sheet dries, I come back to it and begin not to "merely look," but to "truly see" as you call it. What has been given form ("birthed") in these accidental gestures? Here I include an image that was "found" in one such effort before we reached this point in our dialogue.



This is from a collection of such found images with accompanying "word gestures" I am calling, *Foundlings At Large*.

We can talk about what I or anyone else might "project" into the "accidental image" as bringing out some aspect of our subjective state. I have no problem with this idea unless it is used as an "explanation" for what one sees. This is the single mindedness you referred to as Newtonian. But if we follow Goethe's notions, and Rilke's admonitions, and Keats' insights, then we deepen into the experience, through a *participation* with what is

there. What is important, crucial and so often missed, is being *penetrated* by the image, a genuine intimacy with the otherness of the image, and decidedly not "only" or "just" a solipsistic relationship with oneself.

PM: "To be penetrated by the image, a genuine intimacy with the otherness of the image." What a radical concept, Russ! This is exactly what we have spent centuries protecting ourselves against, the autonomous imagination, which came to be seen as a threat to our project of controlling nature (or, as Francis Bacon put it, "vexing" nature) in order to force her to yield not only her secrets, but her bounty, far beyond what she spontaneously gives us of her own accord. And so we seek to "conquer" and "dominate" not only the natural world but our own inner lives as well, as if we were at war both with ourselves and the world. What a tremendous inner divisiveness besets us. And, far from quelling the disturbance, we fan the flames and set one another's teeth on edge.

But like Lorca and the rose, you are calling for "something else." Instead of warfare, conquest and dominion, you evoke something erotic, a passionate yielding to the beloved, allowing oneself to be penetrated by the image and its otherness. This amounts to a prescription for a massive healing process, a virtual restoration of our inherent *religious sensibility*, our natural birthright. That's why Sawyer's reflections on the Neanderthals ring true. He seems to be focusing on inherent, evolutionary gifts that we, throughout our centuries and millennia of hubris, have lost track of. Jung used to cite what he called a "classical etymology" of the term *religion*: "a careful consideration of the effects emanating from the unconscious." Your phrase of allowing oneself to be "penetrated by the image" says the same thing, in language favored by artists.

Your "accidental gestures," those spilled-coffee paintings, images seen in driftwood, and so forth, show to what extent we are surrounded by

clues and hints of that "other world." I once wrote: "The beaches of our sleep are studded with the note-stuffed bottles of dreams." Well, as you show, it really takes very little to shift from one reality to another, just that twist of attitude, away from hard-driving intention toward the moment of uncertainty, dwelling there, paying attention to what appears, like taking a breath, and pausing. This is how epiphanies happen: just that momentary pause, and staying with it. It's amazing, when you think about it, how close the boundary is between apocalyptic destruction and creative renewal. But it does require a subtle shift in individual awareness to take place.

RL. I'm glad you mentioned "*as if*." I don't think this notion has penetrated deeply enough. It was Bentham who wrote his "theory of fictions," and then Vaihinger, who wrote his "fictionalism," and the psychoanalyst Adler, who wrote of "fictions as a final goal." Strangely, Jung does not refer to Vaihinger, though James Hillman has righted this by combining the streams of Vaihinger and Adler with his own contributions resulting in his "healing fictions." In one way or another, these efforts are working *away* from the literalism of so-called "reality," and putting forth a valuation of the fruitfulness of the image and of the imagination. This is the difference between "merely looking" and "truly seeing" you referred to earlier. "Fiction," in whatever form, is a way of "wandering" and "dwelling" and as such, is a means of "revelation" that so-called reality and the real world does *not* yield.

The fiction of dreams is a prime example. When "reduced" only to reality concerns, they will lose their deepest value to us. But a dream leading us into the future: *there* is its deepest concern. You saw this in your own imaginal experience of the "council of dreamers." Rilke certainly had something like this in mind when he says, "You must give birth to your images. They are the future waiting

to be born. Fear not the strangeness you feel. The future must enter you long before it happens. Just wait for the birth, for the hour of the new clarity."

Here is an example of future enterings from another angle. Earlier in this dialogue, you said that my images had the effect of "a blacksmith's hammer on the anvil of your mind." Even though I cannot really "claim" the images as "mine" in any proprietary sense, I loved your expression. I knew that your image of the hammer and anvil and the blacksmith "hit" me. It was some time later, in the shower one evening, that I heard a voice announce with clarity: "hope is the anvil of evil."

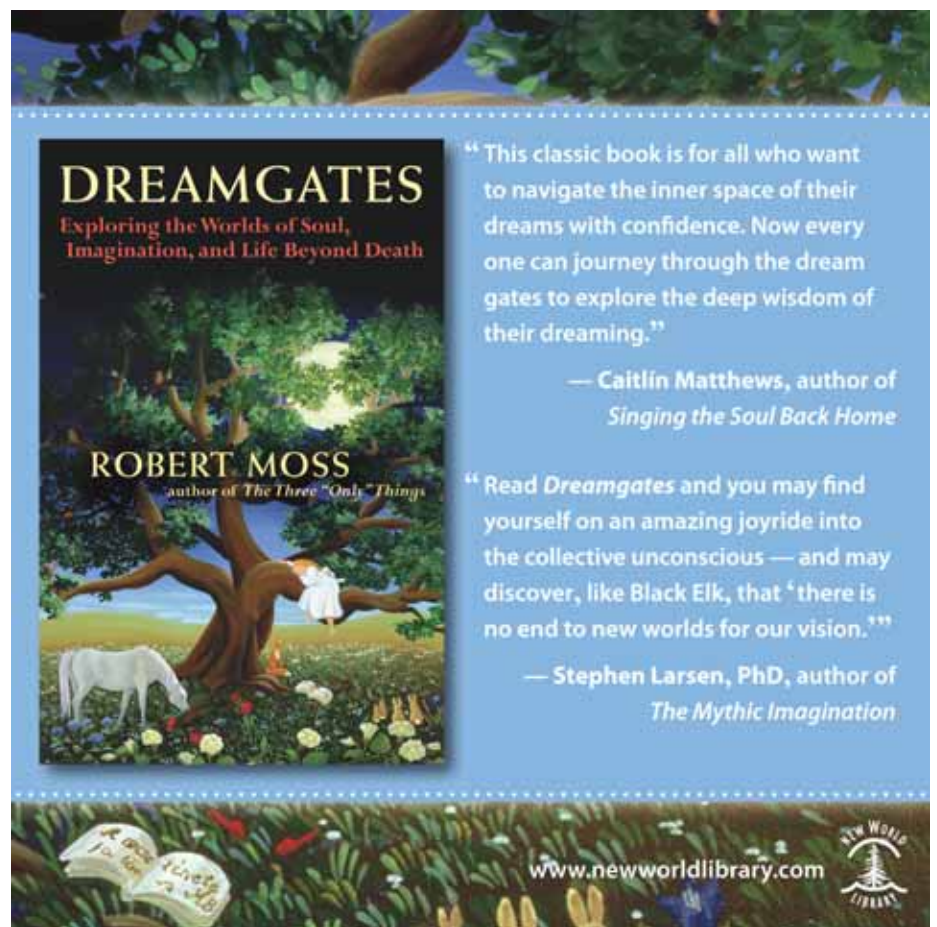
This is what I call a "presentational" experience. By this I mean that if one begins to "truly listen" to what one "hears" (similar to what you referred to as truly seeing as distinct from merely seeing), then the effort to "reduce" this experience disappears in favor of what I think of as "gleanings." I wrote of this a long while ago in a paper called, "*Mary's Dog Is An Ear Mother*," which came from the voice of a hospitalized schizophrenic patient. I illustrated there what can happen when one truly listens to "the voices of psychosis."

Very often, these presentational experiences will find their way into poetic expression, not because one is or tries to "be" a poet, but because that is the form in which the listening goes. For example, this is what happened in response to hearing that line in the shower.

Evil's Anvil

The voice whispered
words not echoing
off the shower walls not
drowning in the pulsing flow
but repeating as if mimicking
the alarm this morning in
not quite sing-song
but something like

*Hope is evil's anvil...
Hope is evil's anvil...
Hope is evil's anvil...*



"This classic book is for all who want to navigate the inner space of their dreams with confidence. Now every one can journey through the dream gates to explore the deep wisdom of their dreaming."

— Caitlín Matthews, author of
Singing the Soul Back Home

"Read *Dreamgates* and you may find yourself on an amazing joyride into the collective unconscious — and may discover, like Black Elk, that 'there is no end to new worlds for our vision.'"

— Stephen Larsen, PhD, author of
The Mythic Imagination

until I echoed aloud
asking the questions
What then is evil's *hammer*?
What then is being *forged*?
Who then is *smithing*?

Then I thought
if all attention is fixed
on evils loosed from
Pandora's jar, and only Hope
remaining becomes evil's anvil
What *then*?

Hesiod does not tell, nor
anyone else; everyone is silent.
But now I can hear the clanging
metals as they collide in there.

I invite anyone to respond to the questions posed. I wrote out these lines here not *as* a poem, and not as a poet, but as a "witness," to illustrate the kind of poetic response that "flows" from the reverie on the line in the shower. I was not "making this up" so much as writing it out as I "heard" it—although it was not so much speech I

heard as the "sound" of words "gushing forth." I don't expect this to make much sense; in fact, I'm not trying to make sense at all, but simply to "tell" in that sense I've written about elsewhere: *eros means telling*. Now I have to admit that I have in the past studied a good bit of Hesiodian scholarship and am aware of the myriad interpretations of Pandora's actions and the meaning of Hope's remaining. But I was not thinking any of that as these lines poured forth. In fact these mages would be a rather *new* approach to the underlying questions the myth propounds. I don't want to go there, as the main point is to illustrate the "spark" and its effect that your words evoked in me, and became, in Rilke's sense, a place to *bide*. ∞



To be continued.

Dreams as an Aid in the Dying Process

by Monique Seguin



"WE CREATE OUR TOMORROWS BY WHAT WE DREAM TODAY"

THIS STATEMENT IS ON A POSTER that I purchased with my first pay as a licensed practical nurse (LPN) in 1969. The poster is still hanging up in my home because I deeply believe in the words and realize those words as a reality today!

I always wanted to work in a palliative care milieu, especially after taking several courses and reading numerous articles on the subject. In 2002, I had the opportunity to work at the West Island Palliative Care Residence in a suburb of Montréal in Quebec as an evening shift LPN. We take care of up to 9 patients and their families at a time. Much of my time is spent giving support to the families of the patients. For me, it's a privilege to have a chance to work in an environment where we have to face death every day.

When I started to work there, I often thought to myself, 'It's as if I'm living my OWN dream'—since I wanted to work for so many years in a place like this. I quickly learned the philosophy and approach that we use with every patient and family. This view of the patient, called 'whole person care,' focuses on the many aspects of a person's life, including his physical, emotional, social and spiritual being.

We try to look at all these 'parts' of a person and how they relate to and affect

one another. Allow me to give you an example. While medicine can control physical pain, how effective will the same medicine be if the person's pain is emotional or spiritual? This is where an interdisciplinary team approach to providing whole person care really helps us to alleviate any symptom a patient is experiencing. Our psychologist and pastoral personnel will often work in tandem with the medical and nursing teams to alleviate all aspects of a person's pain. And what about another scenario: can a person's emotional pain be addressed if his physical pain isn't being alleviated? Not likely. How does one reach a patient on the emotional level, without being too intrusive? These are very common and very challenging questions that we face every day with our terminally ill patients.

I knew that reviewing my own dreams were helpful in my personal life and I started to wonder if patients at the end of life had dreams. If so, what do their dreams look like? While working as a home care nurse, a patient shared a dream with me. A routine Saturday afternoon visit to her apartment in April 2002 would forever alter my approach with patients and my feelings about caring for terminally ill patients.

While I was alone with her, I got the idea to ask her if she ever dreamt. I didn't even expect her to pay attention to my simple question, 'Do you dream?' She said, "Yes, I dream." I asked her if it would be OK with her to share a dream

with me and like a gift—without hesitation—she began telling me about her dream, the dream which would change my career!

When Should I Get Off the Bus?

*"I'm standing up in a yellow bus.
I'm looking out the window, there are
other people... I'm saying to myself,
"How will I know when
I should get off the bus?
Will there be somebody to tell me?"*

I had time to ask her if she remembered how she felt in the dream. She told me that she was feeling calm and good in the dream. Then suddenly, we were interrupted. I wanted to ask her more questions, but this wasn't the time or space to do that. I left her knowing that she had some deep questions in her soul.

I learned a lot from that dream, even if I only had time to listen to Mrs Juliette's telling of her dream. We didn't have the opportunity to share and discuss more than just the dream. However I did leave her with the feeling that someone had cared enough for her to listen to her dream and be concerned about her feelings associated with the dream. I also gave her my undivided, personal attention. We shared a moment together in the 'here and now.' What gave me pause were the deep questions she needed to have answered at some point in the future. It was clear to me that while the Morphine was doing its job in taking care of her physical pain,

the dream scenario was reflecting where she was emotionally 'standing' at that point in her life. For me it was the beginning of my interest in the patients' dreams and the beginning of my journaling the dreams that patients would share with me. I did eventually share this woman's dream with her children after her death. One of them said, 'Mom always did stand up, even until the end''

My Dream comes true

For more than 20 years I had been working in a community hospital's psychiatric ward. In August 2002, a colleague called to say she read that a hospice was going to open up shortly and suggested I apply for a position. Without hesitation, I did.

Working as part of a team that understood and welcomed my idea to ask patients about their dreams was such a privilege. As an evening nurse, I would often say to my patients 'have a nice dream' as I tucked them in for the night, as part of my bedside care. There was always an opportunity while preparing the patient for bed to ask if he/she dreamt. The question evoked varying reactions from patients and was quite interesting. Sometimes it was just a smile or a nod, which then gave me the opportunity to ask one more question, such as 'Would you like to tell me your dream?'

There are many examples I could share with you. Scenarios that allow us to see where the patient is in their process. Dream stories that help to prepare the family to face the fact that their loved one is close to death and also helps staff remember to deal with family dynamics.

Here is just one powerful example:

Jacques had been admitted for only a few days. He had made a special request that the staff and volunteers not go in his room unless he requested. His family was with him, except for the night. The first and only contact I had with him was to bring his medications and see if he was free of pain.

That evening his daughter came out of the room, crying. She told me that her

dad had just told her that he was afraid of dying. She asked me what she should tell him. She was very close to her dad. I just had the idea to say: "Have you asked him if he dreams?" I was not sure how she would receive my suggestion. She said that's actually how she knew he was afraid, because he had told her a dream that made his fear, clear.

I wanted to hear the dream from Jacques, but how to approach him? When he was taking his pills, I said to him, 'Did you have a good night, a nice dream? Do you dream sometimes?'" Yes, he said, looking me straight in the eyes. His dream was very short. but so helpful for him and his family.

"Everything is black" he said, nothing else.... and without waiting for another question, he added: "That means I'm afraid of dying."

His daughter was there, in silence. I asked Jacques if the dream was close to what he was feeling, and this allowed him to open the door on a subject he was trying to deal with all by himself. He was trying to avoid the subject with his loved ones. For a good twenty minutes, he talked about his fear of facing his death even though he was religious. To hear him talking suddenly and so openly was a gift for me and for his daughter, who just listened all the while.

Even though the dream is short, it made a big difference for the family. A few evenings after, his daughter told me that the family was openly talking with him about what they would have to face eventually.

After eight years of paying attention to the dreams, my method seems to be catching on with the other nurses. Nurses are asking and documenting patients' dreams in their medical charts, especially when they are pertinent to the patients' emotional well being. It is important to know that the nurses are NOT doing an interpretation of the dreams, but rather listening to the feelings that the dreams illicit.

The goal is to get the emotion from the dreamer.

Now I'm A Co-Author!

After compiling so many of my patients' dreams, I had the chance to chat about my observations with Nicole Gratton, the founder of The Dream School in Montreal (Ecole Internationale de Rêves Nicole Gratton). I told her how a dream could be helpful in the care of patients who were dying. Since her interests were similar, we combined our stories into a book which was recently published.¹ I am thrilled that not only was my own dream realized by being the author of this book but by having the opportunity to share with others what a dying persons' dreams look like and how we can use these dreams to help a patient feel comfortable with what is happening in his/her own life. Families have benefitted from the re-telling of their loved one's dream and many have felt it was a final gift to them and helped them in their bereavement process.

I have had many opportunities to share patient's dreams with families and health care professionals. People need to know that the dreams can be used as a 'tool' in the dying process. It certainly is a tool that can open a door to more intimate communication between a patient and nurse or patient and family. It is a 'listening' tool. It is a tool that in the listening, caring is evoked and possibly even healing. Dreams as a tool can provide some guidance in assessing where a patient 'is' in terms of the illness, with his relationships, etc. Sometimes we have seen a progression of the dreams over time as a patient gets closer to dying. The earlier we look at the dreams, the earlier we are able to help the patient in his journey closer to death.

So if it ever happens that you are in a situation where you will accompany someone at the end of his/her life and you can't find anything to discuss, just do what I did eight years ago and try asking the question, "Do you dream?" You might be surprised by the answer. ∞

1. Les rêves en fin de vie. 2009 Nicole Gratton and Monique Seguin. Ed. Flammarion.

Dream Related Poetry

Earthwalking

For years I have wondered how to tell,
how to let speak,
the wordless dream of one long-ago night.

The ground of this dream
is like a ribbon uncoiling
& turning back on itself,
a mobius strip.

Alternately I am a woman walking
barefoot on the earth
& then the ribbon swerves, it turns over;
I am the earth,
my body has become the earth.

I am being walked on by moccasined feet,
by unshod feet,
stepping, pressing on me
softly, quietly,
sensing their way along my paths lined with feath-
ery pine needles,
sensing the stones in the beds of my creeks,
sharp as flint
or smooth as a shaven cheek.

My soil is being turned over,
as in the past,
reverently.

The hands of the people who turn over my skin
& plant seeds in me
are my hands;
the feet of these people
are my feet.

They bless me with prayers of thanksgiving,
with sprinkled cornmeal.

 Their feet dance on me,
making footprints in my dust,
knowing they dance with their bodies
on their own body--

I am theirs
& they are mine.
They warm me
like the warmth of the sun.
They heal me.

Swaying & returning with the wind,
they cool me
like the leafy branches of trees;
they heal me.

When they eat the fish
of my lake & ocean & stream,
their hearts sing thanks to me
for the lives
of the glittering, gleaming, leaping swimmers
they take in,
which lend their lives
the gift of flicker
& swiftness
& strength.

They give thanks for the snake,
slithering through the grasses,
caressing the dirt,
caressing the skin of the earth,
shedding its own skin,
teaching them rebirth.

They give thanks for the four-leggeds,
whose paws on me feel
like those of little kittens,
scampering along my body,
pushing into & dimpling my flesh;
like those of older cats who yet pad rhythmically
on my knees & chest,

Creatures who show them how to walk on me,
how to walk the earth.
Be they wolf, buffalo, antelope, bear, or deer,
be they leopard, tiger, or lion;

be they mud-loving, mud-rolling
elephant or hippopotamus.
Be they rhinoceros.

Thanks too give the people for the tip tap of
columns of ants,
of the caterpillar, of the beings of tiny feet
who tickle me till I laugh foolishly
even as they model how to gather food
& store it,
how work is play,
how work is dancing
with the rhythm of the seasons.

Thanks they give for the flutter & sip
of butterfly & hummingbird & bee,
of all the winged ones,
& the winged waterfall
who teach them how to sing

They give thanks for the rain.
It sprinkles me with quick little showers,
then penetrates strong & deep.

Thanks for the worms, breaking up my tough soil
into handfuls of earth they can run
through their fingers.

For everything
that makes me a place
for their bodies & spirits
to eat & drink.

I have been the earth.
Back I am to having been a child,
to being a woman
with the imprint of grasses
on the soles of my feet.
Walking on hot, sun-baked mud
or hot grainy golden sand.

Cool dark mud squishing up between my toes;
cool wet sand
holding the imprint
of heel & toe.

When I was nine, when I was ten,
when I was eleven,
I studied piano,
my fingers smoothing
& stumbling over the keys.

Today I no longer play,
but hear piano music
not only as if it came out of my own fingertips,
but as if the pianist
were stroking the rhythm, the melody
deep under my skin,
deep into my muscles, my flesh, my bones.
Taking it in is like being the earth.

Now I begin to make music again on the skin
of the drum,
with my palms, with my fingertips,
the rhythm shivering back through me,
the beat entering
& reverberating
back up through the earth.

I walk with my fingers,
I walk with my feet.
I walk to earth's heartbeat.

Again & again
I am a woman walking,
walking to where she turns into the earth.

Again & again I feel what it is
what it could be,
to be the earth,
the earth we walk on.

by Karen Etheldattr, title poem
in *Earthwalking & Other Poems*.

AVATAR:

Lost Dreams or Modern Nightmare?

To concern ourselves with dreams is a way of reflecting on ourselves — a way of self reflection. It is not our ego-consciousness reflecting itself... It reflects not on the ego, but recollects that strange self, alien to the ego.
C. G. Jung

OK, so now we know that all box office records are broken, once again, and our fascination with extreme ends of the scales is sated once more: "the biggest grossing, the most technical wonder..." We also can read the professional reviews to get criticism of the art form itself. In reading or hearing reviews from the audiences, there can be no doubt that the world of Pandora is a very compelling world indeed, enough for some to commit suicide after seeing the movie. Many reviews seem to me to circle around "hype" or the "thrill" or the captivating qualities of Pandora but the \$60,000 question is what kind of world is being represented here? Every review I have read points to a lost world of our past, a nostalgic longing for a natural world saturated with meaning and interconnectedness. This interpretation is probably what is behind the suicides – it is hard to bear the loss of meaning and profound isolation we are living today.

Equally, no review I have read gives a mention of the central symbol of the movie. The central symbol is not Pandora which, as a symbol has indeed gripped us hard. The central symbol in the movie lies in the title: Avatar! In my own research of the effects of this movie on the audience, no body I talked to mentioned the word Avatar in terms of its symbolism! What's even more incredible to me is that nobody I talked to knew what Avatar means in the modern context. This omission of the most obvious and central symbolic fact about the movie is the elephant in the room that no one appears to notice.

How can a fact with such living symbolic value be so occluded? There can only be one reason: the symbolic value, i.e. the soul of this modern phenomenon known as avatar is buried, interred in the phenomenon itself and we simply pass it over in the course of our daily lives, much like we do with money which also is so determinative in our lives and yet ignored completely in terms of its soul life.

So, what is an avatar?

While I am writing this review, tens of millions of people are online, doing what the movie represents so well, in so much detail, and with an astonishing acceptance of its ordinariness. The fact that millions on a daily basis are doing what the movie shows may account for this easy acceptance of the movie's premise and central symbol. Millions, maybe tens of millions now are entering their own avatar in order to inhabit another world for as long as they like. If you have not yet heard of this phenomenon, take a look at: <http://www.secondlife.com>. If you want to explore the seamier side of this phenomenon, just type in "virtual sex". You will be astonished at the science that is supporting the invention of mechanisms that are designed to convince the user of the sensual qualities of the reality they have entered in their avatar.

This is not a movie about a lost innocence. It is a training manual for the West, urging us to go further into what we can already do, in the millions: enter an avatar and go into, not nature, but cyberspace. Avatar is the common name known to millions of "gamers" who daily enter "Pandora" and engage in the same impossible feats that are shown in the movie. The beautiful images which have no correspondence at all with nature on earth are merely the scientific means (graphics, 3-D etc.) by which the modern ego is captivated and seduced into leaving earthly reality and entering cyberspace, perhaps forever, as our hero did. But note well, when he did succeed in becoming a Pandorian(?) resident, his earthly body died! This is no fantasy. Millions are doing it

already. This movie simply acts as an openly seductive engine designed to encourage a particular "solution" to our loss of meaning and isolation. Our collective nostalgia for the past, a fancied innocence and primordial oneness etc., is simply the "unconscious desire" that can be caught and manipulated towards other ends, as the public relations industry knows so well. For all those who think entering an Avatar into cyberspace is about nature and rediscovering our interconnectedness, I would urge them to remember how our hero enters Pandora: he lies in a coffin and "dies" just as millions do when they log on. They die to the ordinary world and their bodies waste away as they spend 12 or 16 hours online in cyberspace enjoying their freedom! Yes, freedom, real freedom! Freedom from ordinary reality which is becoming harder to bear as we witness the accelerating emptying of meaning in the natural world!

Avatar is a movie spelling out the method and encouraging what millions really want to do—escape earthly reality and enter cyberspace, at the cost of earthly life altogether. Avatar is decidedly not a movie urging us to reclaim our interconnectedness and oneness with nature. Pandora is not a representation of nature at all. It is a true and accurate representation of what we are already building and investing billions of dollars in: cyberspace or virtual reality which is a reality indeed but not a natural one.

When our unconscious desires e.g. nostalgia for a fancied past are excited and aroused with captivating and well chosen images, we lose our discerning minds and thus confound a yearning for a "lost dream" with the denial of a living modern nightmare that is emerging before our occluded eyes. The entire engine of our modern technological society is now geared towards the invention of the cyberspace into which we are now being openly invited. We are to inhabit it in exactly the way shown by the movie, leaving behind—as the movie also shows us—a dead earth and a dead body.∞



The Child Within

Healing Childhood Traumas

by Ann Sayre Wiseman

YEARS AGO, when I first started training in Psychotherapy I had a monumental dream that has guided my work ever since. "When do you know you have the answer that feels right?" I asked the universe... and in a dream I saw a giant megaphone in the sky shouting "FIND THE IMAGE AND SATISFY IT."

Find the metaphor and satisfy it, find the problem and satisfy it. Satisfaction has to be a win-win solution and it works best if you can return to the source.

We live with old hurts for years. Allegorical stories govern our actions and repeat in our dreams. I have attended the healing of a good many childhood traumas by returning to the source and using closed, eye-guided imagery and permission to satisfy the image.

This is an incident I'd never spoken of or thought much about, until years later a dream reminded me of my unsuccessful efforts to earn my father's attention. In this dream...

I am 12 visiting my father (parents were divorced) at his country club the night of the summer talent show. I am all set to do my dance solo. I'd been in Children's productions but he'd never seen me dance, tonight I'd have his full attention to see how well I dance. It was my cue to appear on stage in my tutu and the audience roared with laughter. Shocked, I looked to

the audience for an explanation... was it ME? Then, I saw some showgirls in bras and g-strings moving through the rows sitting on men's laps—one of which was my fathers. I was paralyzed like Dega's bronze ballet sculpture, frozen on stage in third position.

Thirty years later in a therapy session I had a chance to repair this trauma.

I was asked to become that 12-year-old self, feel the humiliation and the loss of trust... and I dissolved in tears. After a Kleenex or two, the therapist asked me to close my eyes, become the 12 year old child, realize that the laughter was not directed at me and to unfreeze the poor girl stuck for 30 years in 3rd position. "See if that smart, talented 12-year-old performer can find a way to handle this embarrassing situation to her advantage".

I had to totally reverse my emotions, stop feeling sorry for my crushed self. I was helped and challenged by the therapist's acknowledgment of my potential. With eyes closed I could see myself at 12 years old rise to the occasion, sit down on the edge of the stage, join in the laughter and then the audience finally noticed me waiting, I took my dance position, welcomed the music cue and had my moment on stage... with my father's attention and proper applause. That felt wonderful. "Now, what do you see your 12 year-old-self saying to her father?" asked the therapist. I said

"She is telling him this story and hearing him apologize and admitting that fathers can be very insensitive at times."

The other day a woman was working on a childhood dream that still bothered her. She created the scene on a piece of paper, "What is going on?" I ask.

"I am dancing in a mud puddle." As she tells me her story, tears come. "I was never allowed to get dirty, never stepped in a puddle, I wanted to step right in that big mud puddle and splash everything, I could never have done that until you told me to face the problem and satisfy your self. It was at the moment that I jumped into that puddle and felt wonderful, normal, childlike... that I was satisfied." "Can you bring your mother into this scene and tell her children need the freedom to get dirty?"

"NO! I could never disobey or talk back to my mother because she had suffered in a concentration camp and you don't dare talk back to people who have suffered like that." "How long have you waited for this freedom?" I asked. "50 years," she said.

My computer says, "To make a change return to the source," and it fascinates me to see how we can return to the source and heal a trauma that has had us stuck for years... without realizing the child is still waiting for validation. We may have told our story but it is in the validation of the child that change is made. ∞

Two Tribes

There are two tribes. They used to be one tribe but there was a conflict or disagreement – some hurt or injury or anger – that resulted in a division such that they were no longer one tribe, but two. Even the land is divided – half of it is dry – parched and cracked -- and barren of trees. The other half is also dry, but there are some trees for shade. I see a close-up of what's happening.

The cattle and people in the land with no shade have nowhere to hide, nowhere to go when the sun is high. The sun beats down on them – everyone and all the cattle lay on the ground as if they have collapsed from the heat. At first this is a general image. As I move in closer, I see the specifics of these people and cattle. Looking at their red, sunburned bodies, I hear myself say 'They are being baked alive.'

There is place on the earth – a line – a clear demarcation identifying the boundary between the two tribes. They put it there when the tribe split in two. At first it was more like a line of chalk upon the ground, but over time the earth itself has changed and now the ground is clearly different on each side of this dividing line. The ground on the side with no trees is dry, deeply cracked, hard. The topmost surface is so desiccated that it curls up along the edge of the cracks, as if the earth is shriveling. The earth on the side with some trees is not quite so dry – the ground is more brown and looks more like earth.

There are scattered blades of grass. Even so, it is far from lush.

I go to the side with the trees. In the same heat of the day, the people and cattle take refuge under the trees. It's not much, but it helps.

I notice, around the trees, a raised section of earth – like when landscapers put mulch around a tree. The outer rim of each raised section is somewhat higher than the rest of the mound, a 'lip' around the edge. I notice that the depressions or indentations within the raised edge are filling with water, as if from a hose. I walk around, looking at these raised areas. I am near some cattle. I am surprised – I hadn't expected to find water! I realize that all/many of the trees are filling with water within the indented mulch mounds.

At one point, I reach down to one of these mounds and open the edge/lip – the water flows out. But then part of me understands the purpose of the mounds – it's supposed to collect the water so it has a chance to be absorbed by the trees. I repair the hole I made, pulling the soft dirt back up into place.

It's not as neat as the original, but it holds.

The other tribe has heard that there's water. They are crossing over into this area— it is as if this tribe has called them to come over.

I see the people and cattle of the other tribe – they are so exhausted they can barely walk. Their heads hang—too weary, too burned, too parched to fight. They did not come to fight—this is not a raid. They came because whatever the original fight was about (and why they left), no longer matters. What matters is that they are dying and will all die but for their brothers and sisters of this tribe who have called them here. Too weak to fight, they can only accept what is being offered: shade and water.

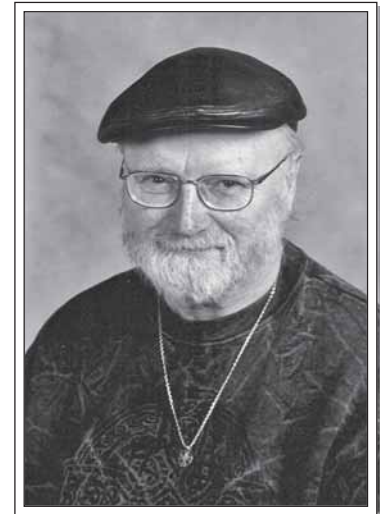
What I see is a people so weary and exhausted they can barely walk. I see that this other tribe, while they don't have much, miss their brothers and sisters and seek to be one tribe again. I have the impression that the tribe in the land with the trees has long been calling to their brothers and sisters. There are other impressions and associations about being divided and coming together and healing and time.

Dream from Dec. 13, 2009

DREAMS IN THE NEWS



Torture, Dreams & Leonard Cohen



by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

The bare facts. Maziar Bahari, an Iranian-born Canadian journalist, filmmaker, and Newsweek's Iranian correspondent, was arrested without formal charges during the June 2009 election protests and placed in solitary confinement in Evin Prison in Tehran. His taped TV confession, implicating other Western journalists in various wrongdoings, was forced. He was beaten and tortured daily, threatened with execution. He was released in October 2009, after his case came to the attention of U. S. Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton. As a result of international pressure, Bahari was allowed to leave Iran (after posting \$300,000 bail), still facing charges and certain imprisonment should he ever return. He was told they could bring him back "in a bag" at any time, from anywhere in the world.

The deeper story. In trying to come to terms with his fine-slipped torturer, and to deal with the ever-increasing pain, Bahari realized it was essential to create a parallel universe that his torturer could not penetrate. *But how* does one do that? The answer is that one cannot just create such a space using one's will. It is, after all, the will that is broken under torture. Initially, Bahari called on his *memory*. He recalled an experience in South Africa where he slept too long on the beach and woke up with his skin burning. He *had* gotten through that pain. So, as his oppressor beat him, Bahari would immerse himself deeply in this memory, engaging it as an alternate reality imagined as fully as he could. Still, after a few days it was no longer working.

Then came the dream.

There were two women. One reminded Bahari of his sister Mariana, who had died of leukemia. Bahari asked the figures who they were. "Sisters of mercy," they told him. He began hearing Leonard Cohen's song, Sisters of Mercy.

In an interview with Nancy Durham of CBC News, Bahari described his experience: "All of a sudden this universe was created, this universe that was guarded by Leonard Cohen, and it was just ridiculous to me that this old, Jewish and one of the most cynical poet-songwriters in the world managed to save me in the heart of the Islamic republic."

So now what? As "ridiculous" as it may be, the dream created an alternate reality real enough for Bahari to endure intolerable pain. A



“The Wounded Angel”

Dreams and Healing

©2010 By John C. Woodcock Ph.D.

TO GET AN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE on our modern dream culture it is well worth reading Sonu Shamdasani’s book: *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology*, particularly his chapter *Night and Day*. In this chapter the first two paragraphs succinctly place topics such as *Dreams and Healing* in a larger context (100):

Several decades of historical and anthropological inquiry have indicated that in any given culture, conceptions of dreams are inti-

mately linked with their place in cosmologies, theological, medical, aesthetic, and philosophical theories about them.... They have also indicated that it is impossible to dissociate dreams from their particular dream cultures.

By contrast, contemporary psychological and neuroscientific theories claim to be in a position to determine the universal essence of the dream as an unchanging entity.

An example of this contemporary

“culture free” determination is the proposal by Francis Crick that the purpose of dreaming is to remove undesirable interactions in the networks of brain cells. It would not take much effort to show that this claim by science today of a “culture-free determination” of the purpose of dreams is highly suspect and that today’s assessment of the meaningfulness or otherwise of dreams is just as culturally determined as any other time in history.

So we are left with an inextricable interweaving of dream theory and practice with culture. The first important implication of this fact is that what constitutes healing and a *healing dream* in one culture might not be so in another culture. For example, in the previous issue of DNJ, we are reminded of the ancient Asklepiian form of healing through dreams. The author acknowledges that this form of healing known as dream incubation has been lost to us with the increasing secularization of the world (Petrovich, 38). C.G. Jung (1965) also writes about the African shaman who reported that his people no longer have access to the wisdom of the dream since the arrival of the European.

In the Asklepiian temple, the supplicant was prepared by the priests to receive a healing dream, which often appeared in the form of a serpent. If this occurred, the patient was cured directly by the dream itself. No interpretation was necessary. In our modern times, however, I can have a dream of a serpent engaged in a healing action and yet upon waking, no healing occurs at all. The dream, its highly charged emotions, and its imagery simply fade and slip away.

What has changed? One conclusion we can draw from this historical comparison is that today, the mere having of a dream with images of healing is not the same as being healed by a dream! Therefore, one thing that has changed over time is the "reality" status of dreams. We can have the most numinous, moving dream, filled with healing imagery, only to find upon waking or some time later that our own waking "reality status" remains unchanged, I.e. The world appears to us in pretty much the same way, with the same ailments and pathologies. Even when we can *personally* associate a cure with a specific dream, in waking life the cure is *generally* described by medicine as

a "spontaneous remission" and the status of our waking consciousness remains the same as before with the addition that we are now faced with a "miracle". There seems to be no way to integrate the healing dream, when it occurs, with the prevailing modern culture and its modern consciousness which we all share.

This outcome can be disappointing to dreamers in our modern dream culture. There seems to be a hiatus or rupture between our daily waking consciousness and the wisdom or healing power of dreams – a rupture that did not exist in ancient Greek times or before that, shamanic times. Dreams today have a reality status on one side of a divide as it were while modern consciousness lives out of another reality status altogether.

These historical developments make the issue of healing dreams a particularly difficult and complex one for us today. The healing power of dreams can only become available to us when the rupture between waking life and dream life is overcome in some way. If it cannot be overcome, then it seems to me that healing dreams will remain an historical oddity at best. In my own experience I have found that the rupture *can* be overcome, and I don't mean temporarily, e.g., by the strength of the emotional effects of the dream, but rather permanently, so that the dreamer can become more available to the healing power of dreams as a matter of course. But the way is not easy! I'd like to illustrate with an example from my own life.

In the early 1980's I dreamed:

I am in a cave that has a cold blue light. There is a cold slab of stone upon which lies a young woman. A sheet covers her lower body and I notice blood on it. To my surprise, I am dressed as a doctor (white coat) and I am expected to heal this young woman. I have no idea how to even begin. This distresses me and I begin to suffer.

At the time of the dream my personality and suffering were strangers to each other. I did not consider suffering to be a necessary part of my existence at all. Sure, I had my troubles—I was depressed and anxious most of the time, but my personality was one that disavowed these weaknesses. I could not allow "weakness" to be part of my personality. This dream changed all that. It slowly began to dawn on me that "my" suffering was the very condition that would cure the young woman. There are several ways that we think about suffering today... but the suffering I am talking about here involves opening up sufficiently to be "inscribed" by the reality of the dream to the degree that its objective meaning effectively initiates the dreamer and thus the *waking* reality of the dreamer is transformed. It is this process that "overcomes" the rupture between waking consciousness and dream reality. The Asklepiian supplicant did not have to think at all about this process. He or she simply submitted to it and was inscribed by it. The Greeks did not have our present structure of consciousness with, as I have said, two reality statuses separated by a divide (waking reality and dream reality).

For us, in order to understand and align with the aim (*telos*) of healing dreams such as the one above, careful thinking on our part is required.

At first, I came to the conclusion that I needed to reevaluate my participation in "suffering" in my waking life. Changes in my personality that flowed from this re-evaluation included a softening of my "need to know," an increasing capacity to live with ambiguities and uncertainty and a tolerance of and even preference for direct experience over observation. As important as these personality changes are for me, such changes are only the beginning of the fulfillment of the dream's *telos*. The dream

clearly shows a dialectical process at work in which the original configuration of *suffering soul – dream ego as healer* is negated and the dream ego begins to suffer. The waking ego begins to include suffering in his waking life too, through identification with the dream ego. This shows that the waking ego is now as the sufferer and the dream as healer, but these opposites are still separated by the divide or rupture that I spoke of earlier.

And so for many years after this dream I began indeed to experience great hardships and travails and I eagerly sought out my dreams for their healing messages. I wanted to be healed! But is the *telos* of the dream to heal the waking ego?

In ancient times, the dream did not heal the waking ego because the ancient Greeks did not *have* a waking ego in the sense that we do today. There was thus also no divide or rupture between waking consciousness and dreaming consciousness. If the supplicant was in need of healing, the issue was not one of falling out of unity with *Being* as much as a disunity within *Being*. It was thus possible to “activate” the natural healing process, much as an animal does when it is injured: it retires into a lair and incubates, either to die or emerge healed. I saw a remarkable instance of this in one of my favorite documentaries, *Meercat Manor*, in which a meercat was struck by a pit viper with enough venom to kill several people. He simply curled up in a ball and “died,” emerging several days later, healed.

This historical moment in which we now live has lasted approximately 2500 years. The rupture I spoke of earlier is not something that human beings did. Rather, as history attests, it occurred within the objective soul itself. This means that the soul inflicted the rupture on itself, forever

changing our reality status from one in which the phenomenon (e.g. dreams) could initiate us directly (as in the Asklepian Temple) to one in which the raw phenomenon is *reflected* in consciousness. You might say the soul desired to come to *know* herself as *other*. As a result, we now live in a status of reflected reality in waking life and dream reality can no longer affect us directly as it once did.

One consequence of living in reflected reality is that our culture in the West has pretty much excluded suffering of any kind as a cultural value. While we were immersed in *Being*, as the ancients were, there was no possibility of excluding suffering. It belonged to the totality of life! In fact individuals were initiated into the mysteries of suffering i.e. they were inscribed with the message that the suffering revealed. The suffering itself constellated the healing. All the supplicant had to do was crawl into the lair. In contrast today all our current healing practices, backed up by a mighty pharmaceutical industry, are geared to reduce or even eliminate suffering of any kind.

This momentous transformation in the status of our reality reflects a wounding in *Being* itself, with one aspect outside of *Being* separated out in a state of reflection (our modern ego), but unable to drink from the healing waters of its own source. Since this movement was initiated by the soul itself and was not a human deed, we are now in a position to think carefully about the *telos* of dreams such as my own, above.

The first thing to notice is that the dream does not show a divide within itself. Instead it shows the ego (as healer) in relation to its *other* (as sufferer). Again, within the dream this stance is negated and the ego begins to suffer. But the ego in its waking state remains on the outside of this dream reality until, as mentioned, the

waking ego begins to suffer, as I did over many years. This may be seen as a movement initiated by the soul to bring its own other, i.e. the ego into its interiority, to end the divide. This would mean that, in waking life, the ego would no longer see suffering as external to itself but instead would feel itself to be “inside” suffering. Suffering gains *interiority* and becomes a meaning-bearing image once again, with its own face. The waking ego is now within that reality, no longer external to it. This movement can be thought of as a transformation from symptom to symbol.

However, I eagerly sought out dreams to heal myself. This means that I still regarded the healing agent (the symbol) as external to myself. But the *telos* of the soul is to end the rupture and this is achieved by another negation, again in dialectical fashion.

Many years later (2003), I had another dream which showed me *seeking the master healer and finding him as an external other* (within the dream). In the dream, *the master died and reappeared within me*, the dream ego, thus ending that form of externalization. For a full account of this dream I can recommend my book: *Transformation of the World*, freely available at my web site www.lighthouseunder.com.

So now in waking life, my identifying with the sufferer and therefore seeking the healing dream (as external other) is over. Sufferer and healer are united *as other* on the far side of the divide (i.e. in the dream reality) with waking consciousness remaining on the near side. This would mean, in theoretical terms, that the archetype of the wounded healer (i.e. the universal) is now not split within itself but is a unity appearing within waking consciousness (i.e. the particular). In historical terms, the particular emerged out of the univer-

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The Project X Search for the Secrets of Immortality: Mysteries of Ancient Greece, Part 3

reported by Robert Petrovich

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Project X: The Search for the Secrets of Immortality is a program of research and study into the mystic arts and sciences of ancient solar cultures around the world. Through cultural, anthropological and metaphysical research of the solar teachings of antiquity, Project X research reveals connections between the many Holy Orders of antiquity who practiced similar systems of transformation and regeneration of spirit and soul through a sacred process of spiritual rebirth, by which they reclaimed their divine heritage and immortality. The study portion of Project X is an extension program of The Academy for the Advancement of the Religious Arts, Sciences and Technologies of Cosology. (For more information, visit www.jamilian.org or contact the Jamilian University: tel. 775-786-7432 or info@projectx.org.)

From May 20 to June 3 of 2009, a group of twenty individuals participated in the first Project X research seminar and field expedition to Greece. A series of six lectures was delivered by Project X Director Gene Savoy Jr. during the course of the trip, three of which dealt with Asclepias and dream incubation techniques. Of these three, two dealt specifically with modern versions of the techniques of dream incubation and healing. A synopsis of the second technique lecture follows as it was delivered for a second time by Mr. Savoy during the September seminar sessions held at our Center in northern Nevada, together with additional commentary. Specifics on the application of techniques have, of course, been omitted in the interest of space.



ASCLEPIAN DREAM INCUBATION: PRACTICE PART 2

In this second part of the technique we will touch on the iatrogenic process by which the healing physician was able to cure a patient by the activation of the inner monads (the force centers or chakras), and we will also be discussing the absorption of cosmic Ether in preparing for sleep and for generating "fire" within the force centers. We will begin by painting a picture of the ancient healing temple at Epidaurus.

The Healing Temple at Epidaurus

The temple at Epidaurus was the prototype of Asclepian temples and utilized a place of incubation (abaton) which served for the most direct method of healing. There the patient was offered the opportunity to bring about the cure whose elements he bore within himself. The religious atmosphere aided the individual's innermost depths of curing potential. In principle, the physician was excluded from the individual mystery of recovery and remained in the background, the patient seeking healing in a much more personal way.

First a bath served as the outward symbol of the prescribed inner state, which is cleanliness of body and spirit. Going into the fragrant temple, one must be pure and thinking holy thoughts. Secondly came the offering of honey cakes. Ablutions at the gateway water basin and altar were also required before proceeding to the main hall of the abaton for lustral cleansing, a preparation process that could last up to several days.

The abaton could house up to 120 beds. Men and women were separated by curtains. The room was open to the outside on the southern side, which provided an abundance of fresh air, and the area around the abaton was beautifully decorated with fountains and sculpture.

The priests, wearing holy garments, would take the supplicants into the temple and cause them to present themselves before the image of the god. Libations were poured, prayers offered, and impressive rites enacted. Hymns were sung to the music of a double flute. The sick were caused to lay their hand reverently and solemnly on the altar and then on the part of their own body (or the center) presumed to be affected.

When night came, the person in need of curing rested on his or her pallet and put a small gift on the altar. The Nakoroi came and lit the sacred

lamps. The priests then entered and recited evening prayers entreating the divine to help. Later, the lights were extinguished and silence fell upon the sanctuary as suppliants awaited the appearance of the god.

The Iatrogenic Process

The *iatromathematica* were those who were learned in higher mathematics and higher physics. (*Iatro* is a word stemming from the Greek *iatrikos*, meaning "physician" or "healer.") These healers or physicians cured not by surgery or what we know as medicine, but by use of the Word—the Logos.

The iatrogenic process brought into play was induced in the patient by a priest-physician's words – by tones, by chants, and by special invocations. By means of this vibrational energy, the priest-physician was able to stir the monad (the chakra or the force center) within the individual and bring into play the universal Logos or the Word of God. Just as one can link oneself with the sun by means of the force centers, in the iatrogenic process there was a communion or a link between the inner force centers and the outer force centers, or monads, of the cosmos.

This process was used as a psychological cure; but more importantly, the patient was able to cure himself or herself by the activation or generation of these inner monads; and once activated, the monads, which were like miniature suns or radiant globes within a person, could be linked to the sun. Solar techniques began the process and ended it. The inner spheres were activated and attuned to the light of the sun.



The Use of Ether in Preparing for Sleep

By preparing oneself for sleep employing the Asclepian technique, the process of generation of the inner force centers is begun, which results in the breathing and absorption of life-giving Ether so that the *inner* person can be awakened.

As the physical body breathes air through the lungs to supply the physical organism with oxygen, the force centers also begin a process of breathing—not air, but Ether. Once the monads are activated, a pulsation begins—an exchange, or a communion, to use another word. Just as the sun is maintained and sustained and given life by its parent sun, the Spiritual Sun, and just as the sun is connected to stars and other stellar systems, the whole universe being connected and linked, so the solar monads are involved and linked in a process of energy absorption from higher sources.

We are able to make predictions based on the scientific principles known to us, based on certain natural laws and the application of various forces. The same applies to the monads. We have to experiment with the techniques, and we have to experience the results.

Now, the primordial person within us is for the most part unconscious to our waking consciousness. That is because the pre-existent being lives in another world and cannot connect, or link, itself with you as a physical human being unless you have the spiritual organs, or spiritual faculties, by which to experience it and the higher world in which it resides. We seek to make this part of ourselves emerge from its cave into the light and to connect with our waking consciousness. As Hippocrates taught, this divine, pre-existent persona within us is repressed, deeply buried within us. So the techniques that we

are teaching in this seminar accompany the solar eye techniques that we apply during the day. And by that I mean, the techniques of the night supplement the techniques of the day.

One of the reasons that the soul is dormant is that our rational or logical mind has been denied the vital nourishment it needs to “think” on a higher level. Intelligible solar energy allows us to nourish our higher being on the level of the eight force centers. Once these centers are introduced to this stimuli, this added or ultra nourishment, they wake up and process the intelligible part of that energy. Consequently, you are now in contact with your spiritual inner life. Once these barriers are brought down, you walk into another world.

We all have barriers or blocks. Whether it is due to the fact that we have been exposed to limited or false teachings and concepts, or whether it's because we have suffered pain or disappointment, the force centers are affected on the monadic level. They too have been punished, hurt, and bruised. Because of this, they are not able to open up and allow their spiritual nature to come forth. And this is the purpose point of psychospiritual healing, which we in Cosology call Christotherapy.

Once we activate the force centers, once we turn from looking at the sun superficially and *go within* ourselves, and once we activate these force centers by use of our will and our conscience, and give consent to the divine powers to enter into us, a new source of vital energy is generated from within. Once you take the energy from without and put it to work and generate energy within, you now have a flow, a pulsation, a breathing of what the Greeks called Ether. And so long as the force centers are linked to the sun, this energy continues.

Concentrating on the Force Centers

Earlier we described the pre-sleep technique of concentrating on the force centers. You can concentrate on each of the force centers, one at a time if you wish. You can choose one over a period of time. It will all depend on your physical makeup, your health, and your state of vigor. You can concentrate on a force center, imagining the corresponding color, to begin. You can think in terms of the corresponding nature of the force center, psychic or mental, for example.

And you have to understand that each of these force centers is the source of the emerging nerve plexi, emerging organs, glands, and so on. So once that center is activated, it has energy which it supplies to the plexi, to the organs, to the glands, and it helps regulate them and gives them this vital source of energy. Each center affects both the physiological and psychological nature of an individual. The force center is the root. Like a tree with branches, it grows. The human anatomy grew out of these force centers.

Keep your thoughts clear and simple and not too complicated. The main thing is to experience this for yourself and see the effects that can be produced. Once this center is activated—whichever one you are working on—you will be able to feel generated heat. Now, sometimes when you are performing these techniques at night, or taking in a lot of sun during the day, you have so much energy and so much heat that you will find it hard to sleep. So you need to find a balance.

Imagine a luminous being, perhaps the Divine Child that we speak about. The Divine Child was used by Asclepias; it was known to Hippocrates. The eternal Child is *eternal* and has come down through the ages and, of course, has now appeared again.

A Commentary on Practice

The practice of Asclepian dream incubation involves the inner, spiritual person. For this reason, tensions arise between the inner being and the rational mind and being, tensions that turn into conflicts and represent blockages that tend to "close" the Four Major Force Centers of one's spiritual being, which need to be "open" to allow angelic beings to manifest and which need to be "personalized" to prevent Dark Beings from entering.

This occurs when you reach a particular vibratory rate or state, which is the purpose of solar absorption. For example, we know about resonance. If you take a tuning fork and strike it, another tuning fork of the same type will respond to that sound. They will be resonant, working together. And this is similar to what you do with your force centers. So whatever vibratory rate corresponds to your force center will allow it to be open and to manifest certain energies and beings.

It should be understood that many life forms can appear out of the lower force centers. And just as life forms can appear or manifest out of one of those lower centers, spiritual beings can only manifest out of the Four Major Centers, which are the "parents" of the eight force centers. You may see through the "eyes" of one of your force centers. This fact can be explained by the fundamental teachings of our System of Spiritual Regeneration that humankind had a spiritual origin but has through time degenerated to a lower state of existence in the material world. The lower life forms, such as animals and the like, evolved out of the force centers—or it could be said that they are linked to them.

If we study the eight force centers, and then we connect the organs and the plexi that are in those areas, we can understand that any living creature—past, present, or future—

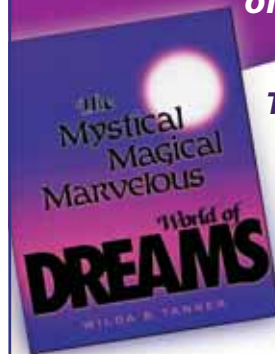
can appear from out of these centers during the dream state or the visionary state. So you have to realize that through these force centers, whichever one you dwell on, primordial creatures can be conjured up from the distant past. You have to remember that these centers within you are receptacles for life forms millions of years old.

These are the things that you are going to be dealing with. You are going to experience—you are going to have a "television"—to the whole evolutionary episode of life through the centers. And you have to observe and you have to maintain control of your personal factors of life. You have to be wise. For example, just because you are watching television doesn't mean that you are going to do everything that these programs tell you to do. It is the same thing.

You are going to be involved in a whole scenario of evolution. There are many life forms that exist within us, within our biological nature; and they are all living on the energy that we supply through food, water, and so on. Actually, they are all contributing to our existence. Without the organs, the glands, the blood cells, the nerve cells, and all the rest, we couldn't exist. So we are really a microcosm of the macrocosm, of the whole universe. We are a colony of living things within us, but we think, "It's me—I, the ego." And then through the force centers we are confronted with all of these life forms going back millions of years. We are exposed to it all. And the same thing that happens on the biological level can happen on the psychic level and the spiritual level, so you have to explore yourself.

We really are introducing you to an exploration of inner space, your inner life. And as you move into some of the techniques that allow one to penetrate into the inner being, you will have more of a living idea of the reality of who you are, where you came from, and where you are going. ∞

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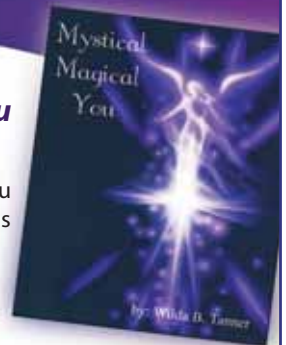
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DREAMTIMES: DREAM EXCHANGE

Dream Spaces vs. Dream Plots

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contact@dreamtimesguide.com

DREAMSHARING has existed for centuries in many cultures: the Mesopotamians, Chinese, Egyptians, Greeks all practiced it. For example, the Tibetan Buddhists as far back as the 8th century A.D. cultivated lucidity in their dreams which they believed was essential to lead to enlightenment.¹

Hypnotic induction and telepathic experiments have produced anecdotal dreams that share same “dream plots” vs. sharing same dream space. Being lucid in the experience can make for an interesting experiment and debate about the nature of reality.²

But for those who participate in dream groups, one way to incubate/incite a dreamsharing experience is by agreeing to meet at a particular place and use lucid techniques to be aware of each other and actions in the dream. Easier said than done, even in controlled laboratory settings.

One group whose members reported the ability to lucid dream, related the following account regarding their attempt to have a shared lucid experience with each other. Every member agreed to incubate a particular set of parameters to induce a shared lucid dream experience during the week in between their meeting dates.

They suggested a scenario of meeting by pillars which would serve to “signal” they were in a lucid dream

state (realizing they were dreaming in the dream) and they would recognize each other and give each other a greeting or gift of some kind. Using lucid dreaming techniques, they impressed the details of the dream experiment on their waking minds before sleep each night for a week. As a result of the experiment, one member reported the following dream:

I started to clean up the refreshments saying that I needed to leave. Jim, Rod and Greg stood next to me and were supportive and kind... Jim said he understood - the dream circle broke up and I left and said I was sorry that we didn't meet at the "pillars" as we'd agreed to do in the dream group for the shared dreaming experience, but I commented that at least we met in a circle, and we had snacks for Rod. The scene shifted to another group [REM dream], but this time they were all women.

Not all of the group experienced lucidity or even a dream that shared a dream plot. However, this dream does show that one dreamer knew in the dream that he came close to producing the target result.

In Stephen LaBerge's Lucid Dreaming he cites anecdotal examples of mutual dream sharing accounts where participants agree to meet. Some are very convincing, but he maintains the only way we will ever know if we are able to share dream space with others

vs. just “dream plots” is in a controlled laboratory setting. Devised methods of hand signals or eye movements would occur to signal that the subject dreamers were dreaming in an identical dream space simultaneously.³

And if there is a phenomenon of sharing dream space at a specific time and place, La Berge suggests what it might mean:

"If the mutual lucid dreamers did prove to produce simultaneous eye movement signals, we have incontrovertible proof for the objective existence of the dream world. We would then know that, in certain circumstances at least, dreams can be as objectively real as the world of physics. This would finally raise the question of whether physical reality is itself some kind of mutual dream."⁴

If you are a member of a dream group and would like to conduct mutual dream experiment—although not scientific per se—you will find that it will increase your dream skills and open up new dimensions to your dream experience. There are many resources available to safely foray into this amazing dream territory. ∞

1 Van de Castle. *The Dreaming Mind*, 1994.

2 LaBerge, Stephen. *Lucid Dreaming*, 1985.

3 Ibid.

4 Ibid.

I HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM LAST NIGHT

by Victoria Rabinowe

Bright Shadow Press, Santa Fe, NM

Illustrated. 181 pages.

Review by David Sparenberg

The subtitle of **I HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM LAST NIGHT**, which is, **Twelve Creative Explorations into the Genius of the Night Mind**, foretells the more valuable substance of the book. In a playful and somewhat generalized manner, the author has laid out a simple 12 step program for looking at dreams as storytelling and working with them creatively. I can identify with this approach as I teach a class on dream work and storytelling at one of the community colleges in Seattle and emphasize the rewarding difference between dreams intellectually interpreted and dream content non-judgmentally cast into an aesthetic and free standing narrative presentation.

While the main body of Victoria Rabinowe's book shares such undeniable truths as "Trust yourself. You know more than you think," and is sprinkled throughout with quotations ranging from the Talmud to Jung, the choice to present a few hand written words scattered among a series of page-scapes of black and white drawings was a bit obscuring to the volume's message. Similar to watching a play on an overly busy stage! I found myself longing for a continuation of the more neatly organized opening section where the writing was centered within several frames of images. It is to this section that I now return.

In her introduction, **Messages from the Muse**, there is this: "Each dream is a microcosm of time, memory and space, a living network of interacting images. Dreams can be allegorical, magical and spiritual. They unfold inexplicably with illusions that appear and disappear. Tools of power, transformations and invocations surge up from the depths of the unconscious. Mysterious or supernatural

events blend with ordinary everyday routines. Time and order are irrelevant. Imagination and fact are reconfigured into myth."

One senses the unacknowledged influence of James Hillman on Ms. Rabinowe's book and perhaps, as well, in her **Art of the Dream** workshops, which she offers from Santa Fe, NM. For the familiar this influence shines through in significant patches, but, I would gladly wager, with imagined approval from Dr. Hillman. Being a Hillman fan, the presence of shared understandings and approach increases the appeal of **THE CRAZIEST DREAM**. Yet more importantly, such Hillman-like statements as the foregoing (and others to shortly follow) contribute to a steadily increasing stream of dreamwork liberation from both clinic and academy, and culturally establishing the dreaming process as a universal source of inspiration and personal artistry.

In the section **Chaos into Creativity**, we find these lines: "We become active dreamworkers when our feelings are overruled by the passionate search for our truth. No matter how perplexing or fearful, within each dream there is a core of knowing that is always present."

Then again from **Traces of the Journey**, are two memorable quotations, now laced together as a single continuum: "If we open to the richness of our nightly narratives, our dreams become our muses, guardians of our emotions and the genius of our creativity. Dreams are the connections to our deepest, authentic creative sources.... The dream is a mystery which the rational mind cannot solve.... To make sense of a dream, we need to learn how to shift away from our usual strategies for finding answers.... When we reenter the dream space through art, we are meeting the dream in its own language of metaphor and symbol."

Of course the best books to enter our lives are always those that either help shape something in us that was

gestating and pushing up just under the surface of conscious-knowing, or else provide a reflective and reinforcing perception of an identity developing discovery. Only days before taking up Victoria Rabinowe's volume, I was considering how my awareness of dreaming decreases as my composition of dreamlike writing—and especially that of poetry—increases. This peculiarity I am currently attributing to an ongoing organic dialogue between my conscious identity and the (unconscious) underworld of dreams. The result of which is a curious—possibly even a little "crazy"—yet pleasantly charming and challenging consideration that sometimes I do not know if I am dreaming in poetry or narrating dreams into poems! Perhaps the question mark arising does not require an answer so much as an embrace of the process and this acceptance is, I chose to believe, a place where, under the aegis of the night genius, Victoria Rabinowe and I meet in mutual affirmation. Better to create than to interpret!

Thus, **I HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM LAST NIGHT** can be a fun book to visit, like an offbeat while likeable friend, simple enough for beginning dreamworkers but on the mark often enough as well to serve as a mirror and provide moments of memorable reflection for the more experienced and those familiar with the deep therapy of having inviting mantras for meditation on easy recall.

So once more to Victoria (in full Hillman-like mode), and drawing down with a personal thank you to this present author: "Begin in the place of not knowing. You do not need to have any idea where you are going or what the meaning of the dream images may be. Trust the evocative projects to move your dreams forward. Listen to your heart and let go of the interference of your mind."

There is a certain narrative magic in that advice we are all in need of relearning if we would improve our ever unfolding stories of life. ∞



The Twin Dream

“We Are Somehow Different”

Dr. Mercy Runyan

I WAS BORN AN IDENTICAL TWIN in the post WWII baby boom in Cincinnati, Ohio, when twins were still a rare occurrence. I have experienced the world for these many years through twin eyes. I cannot explain this world view nor can I truly understand the singleton experience. We are somehow different.

Several years ago my identical twin was killed in the crash of a small plane and I was thrust into the deepest grief. Through my gradual acceptance of ‘twinless twin’ status, I was privileged to meet Dr. Jane Greer, a clinical expert in twin loss, and Dr. Nancy Segal, a researcher into twin psychology and herself a fraternal twin. We were all seeking the answer to what differentiates the cognitive schemata or, in other words, the archetypes of the twin psyche from those within the singleton psyche. All were looking to understand twinship and to help twins adjust to life in a singleton-dominated culture.

Twinship, a master status in sociological terms, reverberates through mythic and recorded history. The post modern world embraces the facsimile, the doppelganger, the body snatcher, the loss of uniqueness at the subatomic level, and the inevitable slide of identity towards identity. Will the real person please stand up?

How better to understand the inner world of twins than to study their dreams? This I did with prodigious support from Dr. Robert Van de Castle, coauthor of the Hall and Van de Castle dream coding scales, and Dr. William Domhoff, a prolific researcher in quantitative dream studies and author of the web site www.dreamresearcher.com. Given my life-long fascination with both twins and dreams, I forged ahead and have published a dissertation for my PhD from Capella University, *“Do twins dream twin dreams?: A quantitative comparison with singles’ dreams,”* available at ProQuest/UMI.

This present moment however evokes a phenomenological exploration. One of my own dreams which I dreamt the very night after being diagnosed with breast cancer on August 5, 2008, reveals the inner narrative. The characters are my identical co-twin Malinda deceased on July 21, 1988, and my second twin and husband Hank deceased September 5, 2009. He was alive at the time of the dream and we were separated due to severe alcoholism.

The dream as recorded the following morning:

*“I gave Hank to Malinda. They loved each other.
They were far away on a large field. I went to them.
I asked for inclusion. They looked at each other with
love and understanding and did not make room for me.
I realized that it was too late.
They did not need me any more.”*

Looking at the dream through the twinship lens, I can see that it fits to some degree the quantitative profile of the 164 female identical twin dreams in the sample. The characters are familiar and include the co-twin. The setting is unfamiliar. The dream activity, however, is minimal compared to the sample twin dreams where the complex narrative is filled with events and strivings as one would expect from ‘dream people’ with thin personality boundaries described by Dr. Ernest Hartmann.

But what does this dream mean? How does it reflect on the diagnosis of breast cancer? What does it tell us about ‘the twinless twin?’ The interpretation depends upon the two levels of imagery analysis, objective and subjective, used by Dr. Carl Jung and recently restated by Dr. Yoram Kaufman in ‘The way of the image.’

Objectively, Malinda often got the guy. How many times did boyfriends meet her and drop me flat? (Well, at least once.) I was the more outgoing twin, the second born,

the usurper, the sorceress and yet Malinda was so loving that people flocked to her. Hank had met her once when we were 20-something; Hank and I were lovers then and child abuse caseworkers in the same office in Jersey City, NJ. The field might be the large green and playing field on Pleasant St. near our childhood home where Malinda and I played endlessly with our friends until the church bells rang in the carillon tower summoning us home to dinner. Perhaps Malinda had run down the field with a friend and I was left out. But no, this dream is not the typical triangle. There is more to be revealed here in twin terms.

The diagnosis of breast cancer that very day had transformed me from a joyful healthy woman into a 'dead man walking.'

Three weeks later I learned at the Mayo clinic in Scottsdale, AZ, that HER2-NU breast cancer had been curable since 2006 with the targeted chemotherapy 'herceptin.' The morning after the dream I believed that the dream implied my impending death and that I was leaving Hank behind in this world with Malinda as spirit guide. "It was too late" meant that it was too late for me to change my lifestyle and avoid this disease. Therefore it was best that Hank not need me. I would be a very young soul and less capable of guiding and protecting Hank than the experienced and evolved soul Malinda.

After all, were we not identical twins separated at earth? She would certainly love Hank in the same way that I had always loved him. I had been absolutely convinced for many years based on hypnotic regression and my dream experiences that Malinda and I had planned to come to earth together and would rejoin on the other side. I still did not understand how, when or where that glorious reunion would occur.

Subjectively, both Malinda and Hank were powerful twin introjects. I can only believe that Malinda represented



my anima and Hank my animus. My animus was an alpha male, professional football player and sportsman, very intelligent in IQ terms and yet very weak emotionally. Stress and crisis led him back to the proverbial infantile breast or bottle. Malinda was a gentle and beautiful anima with long hair and sensual features. She was the introverted twin, the compliant daughter, the devoted wife and elementary school teacher. She lived literally in my shadow as we grew through childhood and adolescence. I was the 'bad' twin, the free spirit, the child who escaped the family system. Malinda escaped through her transformation to spirit at the age of 39. No doubt she had less bad karma to overcome!

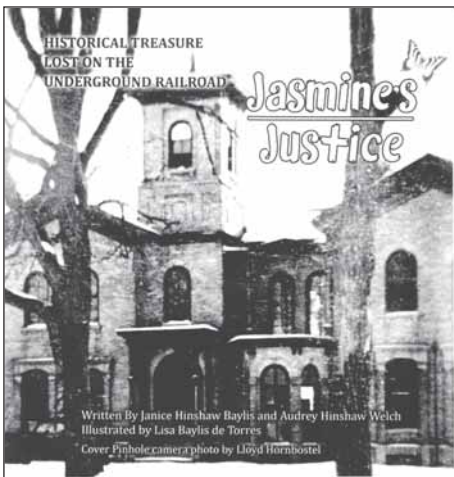
At the subjective level, the diagnosis of breast cancer freed ME from my ties to Malinda and Hank. I had no time left to delay my individuation. I needed to own my projections immediately or risk despair when I desired integration. 'It was too late. They did not need me AS THEIR TWIN any more.' In fact, Hank was dead 13 months later from the physical ravages of alcoholism; he died of a heart attack or, in other words, his heart was broken. I could never save him but I could become fully my Self.

The denouement: I am fully cured of breast cancer and finished all treatment in December of 2009. The tenth year is completion. The PhD is complete. A new beginning arises for my twin self, hosting Twin Talk, a radio program on WorldTalkRadio.com at 11am ET on Friday mornings. The energy of the image transforms us in our respect for the dream. ∞

Twincerealy, Dr. Mercy Runyan, the Twin Doctor
PhD, LCSW, ACSW, LCAP, SAP

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Tune in to Twin Talk on WorldTalkRadio.com Fridays 11am ET
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sal which now finds itself again from *within* the particular. This is the dialectical movement that conveys the mystery of *individuality*.

Is the *telos* of the dream that I had so long ago in 1985, fulfilled? In general, we still live in a reality of reflective consciousness (Giegerich, 2007). *Being* still remains wounded. Meaning continues to be emptied out of the natural world. This is all part of the soul's present moment in history and it will only conclude when the *telos* is fulfilled. How we each participate in this unfolding present moment of the soul is crucial. If we remain unconscious of the movement it will work through our instinctual nature while we remain (i.e. in waking consciousness) in some state of irreality. This possibility is clearly in ascendance. If we can participate more consciously, then we will be faced with dialectical processes like the one I outlined above. The outcome of this participation can be an initiation into "dialectical reality" in which our thinking is advanced to finding the universal within the particular *in actual experience*. This means we have found our way to the *individuality* of any phenomenon. In this way the "eachness" of phenomena is rediscovered and "the things of the world" are restored to their dignity and worth as *individual selves* in their own right. This seems to be the *telos* of healing dreams today, such as the one I had in 1985. In wounding herself so long ago, for the sake of knowing herself as other, the soul is advancing to uniting with herself again, not in her former innocence but as a *complexio oppositorum*, as Jung taught, and for the first time in history as a *self*. ∞

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"Dreaming is an act of pure imagination, attesting in all men a creative power, which if it were available in waking, would make every man a Dante or Shakespeare."

~H.F. Hedge

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"Native Americans, Aboriginal Australians, Taoists, Zen Buddhists, Tantric meditators, and mystics everywhere do not think of the Dreaming world as an 'un'-conscious. For these peoples, the sentient Dreaming world is the basic reality. Though marginalized and invisible to mainstream cultures today, Dreamtime has been the essential reality for people from the beginning of time."

-Arnold Mindell

I Wish You Enough Believing Still

By Bob Perks

I was speaking with a friend yesterday. We were talking about change, challenge and hope. We spoke of life and all the dreams that we attached to it when we were dreaming younger and planning older.

"I have dreams that give me answers," she said. "I dream of lost things and places to find them."

"I believe in the dreams that I have and events that occur that at one time earlier in my life I would have declared "just a coincidence", or pure luck."

"Did you ever have one not work out right?" I asked.

"Almost. But even when it didn't work I still believed in it." She went on to tell me the "Diamond Earring Story".

One day she took her children to a nearby park to play games, run and just have fun. Somewhere along the way she lost one of her diamond earrings. She hadn't discovered it until she got home. It was much too late to go back. Besides, what were her chances of finding something that small in a huge park. But the earrings did have special meaning to her. They were a hand crafted gift from her sister years ago. They now live at opposite ends of the U.S. and wearing them always brought a smile to her face.

That night she had a dream. One of those special dreams.

When she awakened the next day she called a friend and asked her to come over right away. "You need to go to the park with me," she said.

On the way there she had explained that she had a dream that *they were together in the park and they found the earring.*

So, believing as strongly as she did in her dreams she went to that exact same spot she dreamed about. It had rained heavily and the ground was soft and very muddy. But they looked anyway.

Finally after searching much too long they



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returned to the car. Her friend thought from the very beginning that this was a bit strange. Now, all wet and muddy, little needed to be said on the trip home.

"Why don't we stop at the mall and relax a bit before I drop you off." She agreed.

Just as they were ready to exit the car her friend looked down at her feet. The floor was all dirty and caked with mud.

"Look. I'm sorry I put you through all of this. You're cold and wet and your car is filthy. But I know my dreams are always right."

"That's ok. I'll get the car cleaned. I just want to scrape this heavy mud..." she paused.

"What? What's wrong?"

There on the bottom of her shoe embedded deep in the mud was her earring. The diamond was missing.

She made a believer out of her friend as she stuck to her conviction. She new she was right and she kept believing long after

apparent defeat. Her husband secretly took the bent earring to a jeweler and presented it to her on their next anniversary.

How far would you walk?...How many times would you try?... How many years would you continue?...How many times would you get up after falling again and again?...if you believed your dreams would come true?

My friend is more than a dreamer. She acts out her dreams and in doing so creates them.

The energy of the world manifested in God is attracted to positive actions and dreamers who do not quit. Thus the impossible dream does not exist in a world that focusses only on possibilities.

All that and more can be yours if after battle and scars; tears and defeat; the new dawn finds you "Believing, still!"

Bob Perks Email bob@bobperks.com
www.IWishYouEnough.com

by our own values, which have not kept pace with the changes we have wrought upon the world, one another and ourselves. Hence, our woundedness. And hence also, the myriad healing modalities that purport to offer so many hopeful, confident cures.

For any in-depth realization of what the dream globes symbolize, considerable sacrifice is needed. Taking up the challenge of one's own wholeness is no small thing. Others may salute identical flags and march exultantly to the same drum, taking comfort in their togetherness. The globes demand something else.

Wholeness brings individuals face to face with their own potentials, from the brightest to the darkest. In a different context, but touching on the same questions, Jung once said: "We can say that God is good, only to the extent that there are conscious individuals capable of making ethical decisions." A mighty responsibility, indeed. How can we be truly ethical if we deny the evil we are each capable of? Without that somber admission, our own human potential for evil is always displaced, to be found "somewhere else." And the veil of darkness is once again cast upon the world. This, of course, is the weighty moral problem of the shadow, a confrontation with which is inevitable for anyone who takes up the challenge of the four iridescent globes.

My dream suggests that what is released from the very agonies of our spiritual collapse, might yet carry us into a future worthy of the name. But this will happen only if the globes, and the unconscious forces they reveal, find enough courageous individuals willing to stare into the flames and come to terms with the face in the mirror that awaits them there.

This is a life-long task, to be sure... but anyone who accepts the challenge might well be counted among the true healers. ∞

ready." I had a sense that he was asking me to let him know when I was ready to be healed, but did not think to tell him in the dream that I was ready. In another part of the dream, *he said to the group, "I want to leave you with something."* At that point, *a most brilliant light exploded inside me while at the same time expanding and intensifying itself into two or three bands of light encircling me.* In the dream, *I willed the light toward my prostate hoping that it would provide healing.* The next day, many small groups went before John of God. He merely said a few words to my group, after which we were instructed to follow a regimen much like one would follow after surgery.

I had feelings of having been cut inside my body near the prostate area. Wanting to know what had taken place, I quickly called my friend and mentor, Meredith Young-Sowers, Director of the the Stillpoint Foundation and School located in New Hampshire. Meredith is a gifted teacher, author, and medical clairvoyant. She was able to confirm that a physical procedure had taken place and at a later date confirmed when the site of the intervention had healed. The miracle for me, however, was that somehow a spiritual intervention had affected a physical healing. I was pain free.

So, do you want to use your version of a dream health plan? That may seem like another rhetorical question after reading about the astounding help that is available for the asking. There is a catch. Even though such a plan can be called "no cost," the plan is hardly without cost in ways that have nothing to do with money. The dreamer spends time developing: patience, courage, persistence and faith... all of which are needed when dealing with health issues that can bring us to the point of fearful panic and desperation, while at the same time often dealing with physical pain or at least the anticipation of pain.

This dream of a plan demands discipline and self control. Getting up in the middle

of the night to write down dreams can require tremendous effort. The dreamer may end up lying in bed for long periods of time just willing an arm to reach out for a pen with which to write. Sometimes it is critical to stay immobilized, going over and over a dream so as not to forget it while gathering enough energy to write it down.

A practical consideration is that middle-of-the-night dream activities result in lost sleep. For many of us, the resulting fatigue complicates an already sleep-deprived life style. Even after working with the dream, we may fail to get the expected or hoped for result. It isn't easy after working and hoping for a desired outcome to find that more work is needed, still with no guarantee of success. The successes, however, often provide solutions to long standing health problems. In such cases, it may seem ironic that the time spent with dreamwork can be less than all of the time needed to pursue other forms of treatment.

Just for the record, I don't recommend that anyone get rid of their health insurance. Health insurance plans fit in well with the dream plan. Getting rid of health insurance could turn into a nightmare.

Some of my dream scenarios may seem familiar. You may have made an investment in working with your health-related dream guidance. You may also have reached the same conclusion I've reached. Working with health-related dreams is an investment that pays long term dividends. Confidence and skill in working with dreams increases over time. The emerging sense of self-fulfillment from being responsible to oneself provides an extra dividend. If you have not yet enrolled in a dream health plan, you may wish to reconsider. No forms to fill out. Intention to join is all that's needed. You may find that the dream plan for good health is the best bet in town. Still not convinced? Give me a call, 908-475-3203. I'll be glad to tell you some more stories with happy endings. ∞

Dream Networkers/Regional Contact Persons

We are honored to be able to assist in making quality dream-related information and resources available to you via this publication and the willingness of these knowledgeable individuals. All are committed to the value of dreams; each has her/his own area of interest or expertise and can help point the way to the most appropriate resources to meet your needs. Most are available to answer questions from any caller, regardless of location. Please respect each individual's requests insofar as time availability. If no specific time is indicated, assume that you can call at anytime; you may get an answering machine. When leaving a message on a toll call, expect a collect call in return. **If you would like to serve in this way, please contact us: 435-259-5936 E: Publisher@DreamNetwork.net.**

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Jungian-based dream groups

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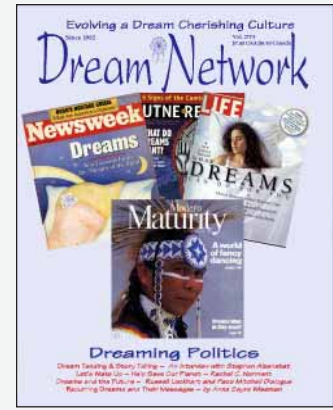
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